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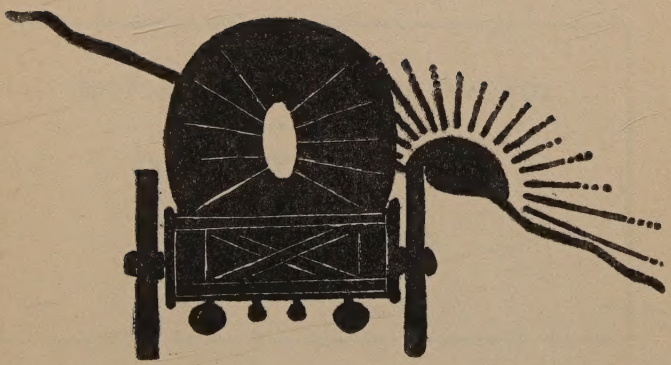

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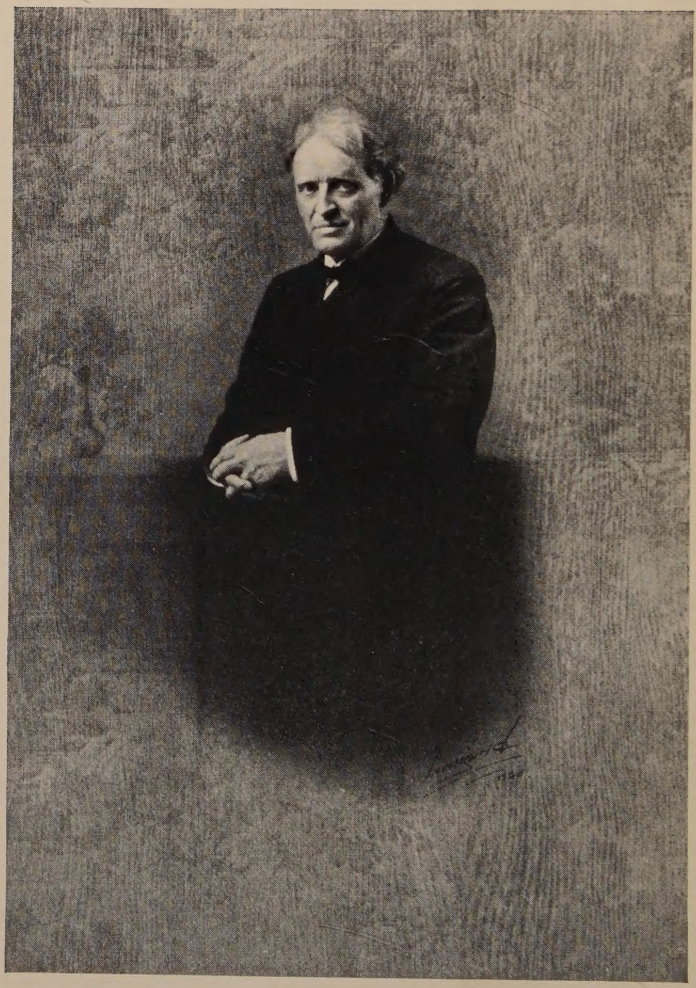

William Alfred Quayle

William Alfred Quayle

The Skylark of Methodism

By
M. S. RICE

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
. . . . . .
Haply I think on Thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings Hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

SONNET—XXIX—SHAKESPEARE

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To

BAKER UNIVERSITY

WHOSE STORY

IN INFLUENCE UPON

GROWING YOUTH

HAS BEEN EPITOMIZED

IN THE LIFE OF

MY DEAR FRIEND

WHOM FIRST

I MET THERE

80-470

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FOREWORD

WHEN WILLIAM ALFRED QUAYLE came up to die, and after his eloquent tongue had refused to respond to the call of his even more eloquent soul, he held his beloved Bible in hand and, with pale but purpose-driven finger, pointed to the words which had been the driving impulse of his whole ministry.

Though speechless, yet triumphantly communicative, he left request that the chosen clause be graven on the stone that marks his resting place.

The words are to be found in the first book of Paul's Epistle to the Thessalonians, the second chapter, at the fourth verse, and read, "Allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel."

It is the purpose of this volume to bring that fine fact in glowing interpretation of a life that has always possessed profound inspiration to me, and convinced me that his story will be constructively contributive to youth everywhere.

M. S. R.

CHAPTER I

DERIVATIVES

The wandering rover, who all the world over,
From country to country has been,
Can discover nowhere, with thee to compare,
Oh, Vannin veg villish veen.
—"Wanderscope," *Manx Song.*

HOWEVER imperfect the explanation may be, we are prone to seek for influences geographical in describing peculiarly impressive characters. We fancy we can detect the impress of mountains, or prairie, or sea, in those outstanding things which go to make up marked individuality.

To be sure, we would not be so stupid in our estimates as to believe that geography can explain personality. Our sympathy is with the old native who sat attentively on the depot platform and listened to the impassioned declaration of the observer who had stepped from the train just to breathe the air of the fine Virginia region where Patrick Henry was born. As he inhaled the splendid air, and

looked up at the fine rugged hills, the traveler said, "I'm not surprised that Patrick Henry was born here," and strode along in satisfaction of such a fitting geographical derivative for such a man. The meditative native, who sat quietly on a box listening to the enunciated philosophy, remembering that he too had been born there, and that the little graveyard yonder was full of folks who had been born there, and were never heard of beyond the narrowest valley home, ventured a comment which is hard for geographical explanation of human character to survive: "These mountains have been here ever since, and we have had no more Patrick Henrys."

We cannot, however, separate a life from the characteristic surroundings amid which it has been shaped. There are at least continually recurring ways among folks which we easily ascribe to their environment. Given a Patrick Henry, the mountains that stand near have fair chance to make an impress, for the material to be impressed is present. The best potter in all the world could not make much pottery with some of the mud I have seen. But it is a fortunate thing when finest clay falls to the hand of a fine potter. I cannot separate my friend from the country whence

he was derived. The two seem to fit. Each needs the other.

In a storm-tossed sea off the coasts of Britain lies a little rugged rock-bound isle. Though small in boundaries, it is unique in its human contributions. Romance runs riot down its many ravines, and the wild always sea-laden winds that blow constantly across it, and the slashing seas that wash its shores, have conspired to produce out of the mingled bloods of its scant population, Celtic and Viking, a peculiar character. A character of individuality. Physically, mentally and spiritually bearing the distinguishment of his name, Manxman.

Traditions seem easy of birth in this always interesting part of the world, and scarce an island of the sea, or a mountain, or a lake, but breathes a strange story. There was once a war among giants, according to the inter-playing traditions of Ireland and Manxland. In the stress of a fierce conflict one snatched a handful of earth and rocks from Ireland to hurl at another. The place from which he lifted his missile became Lough Neagh, and the misplaced missile when it settled whence it was hurled became The Isle of Man. I can scarce believe the story, but it was a good

throw anyhow, for the Titan's handful now lies a strategic point in the very center of the United Kingdom, from whose highlands on a clear day every division of the Kingdom can be seen.

> "Oh, it's a snug little island:
> A right little, tight little island."

Those who live there, or who by fond memory can look back to it as home, delight to call the island Mannin, or Vannin. They tell me the name has a somewhat diluted derivation from "Man Annan," the Son of the Sea, who, according to legends that have long floated down Manx stories, was the first man who ever held the island. Around him they have woven a regular maze of characteristic legends, of how he would shroud the Isle with mists to confuse every dreaded enemy, and by strange sea-craft, the marked element of all Manx life, he maintained the prized independence of the determined little outpost.

The Manxman cannot be separated from the sea. He may be transported to some far away land and tucked away across low-lying prairies over against the heaven-climbing mountains, but the sound of the sea is still in his soul. When I was a lad we had an old

conch shell in our home, whose strange roarings we would hold up to our wondering ears, and fancy we were hearing the ceaseless echoes of the sea whence it had come. I have never known a Manxman from whose soul the sound of the sea had gone. All their long story has been tuned to the strident music the storm strikes from the flying waves. Every horizon of their memory is set in the sea. Every background of their purpose seems lighted with shimmering seas. The sea, the sea, the sea! As one of their famous ones has photographed a Manxman in brilliant words, "The sea goes into their bones; it comes out at their skin. Their talk is full of it. They buy by it, and sell by it, and quarrel by it, and fight by it, and swear by it, and pray by it. The sea is ever present. Manxmen are sea folks."[1]

I am not a Manxman, but I can find a sure pathway that leads into the fascinating characteristics of the man of whom I write here, when I start on the Manx trail. The island has clasped itself into his soul.

Someone has said it takes a drop of Manx blood to be able to see the Isle aright. I have always been able to catch its meanings in the blooded reflections of my dear friend.

[1]Hall Caine.

A rugged, rocky coast, with genuine leaping heights here and there, carrying mountains against seas in impress. Impressive glens running everywhither cut deep and ever sobbing with the haunting music of the waters there. The absence of real forests, and the persistence of rare loveliness of moss and fern, could not fail to leave impress. Ferns that span the whole catalogue from asmundi to the delicate traceries of the maidenhair, find their coveted places in every nook and corner of the great rocks over which the cooling waters go tumbling toward the sea. In the midst of the dark green mosses spring the brilliant fuchsias, which bring bright beauty everywhere. High on the lifting hills together wave the gorse and the heather, like splendid rich robes thrown across the otherwise naked shoulders, to adorn them in a loveliness that can never be forgotten. There is geography in the Isle of Man that cannot fail to leave its clasp upon those who are rooted there.

There is a song that forever sings in the language the people speak. One could not frame words amid such nature that could avoid the music of it all. They speak in a dialect, which is like unto the Celtic from which it was derived, and differing but slightly from Scotch

Gaelic. It is the difference, however, which is the difference.

For many generations the inhabitants of the little isolated island were left alone in their Celtic purity. None seemed to care to dispute with them the interest of their home, and their blood was simply purified by the increasing years. Perhaps the purest Celt blood in the world was generated on that island separation, in preparation for a new product.

In one of those strange, venturesome exploits characteristic of the Vikings, there came one day a delegation of soldiers looking for new lands to hold, an invasion of soldiers from the north. A detachment of men remained, and the marriage of those Vikings with Celtic women brought the world the Manxman. The interesting fact of language is intertwined into that relationship. The reason the Vikings' language was so completely absorbed, and never appeared there, is to be found in the fact that all the mothers of Manxmen were Celts. The fathers do not teach children to talk. The mothers of the races have always handed down the language to the children. To the new-born Manxman came the Celtic tongue, and with the modulations it received in the impress of the Viking fathers, and the peculiarities

breathed into it by the characteristic geography about it, the Manxman framed his distinguishing dialect. While in form and flavor it carried much in similarity to the Scotch Gaelic, there was a deep set and anciently grounded hatred of the Scotch, which always marked with keen distinctions their dialect differences. The hatred was grounded in the fact that against their always jealous sense of independence their island was given to Scotland in a treaty with Norway. The Manx folks looked upon the Scotch as their oppressors. Their sense for independence is quite like unto that more modern version of it rendered to the world by Ireland. So deeply was the mistrust of the Scotch, set in the Manx blood, that they classed them as pirates and incorporated their feelings even in the songs they taught their children. The mothers' common song at their cradle sides being,

> "God keep the good corn,
> The sheep and the bullocks,
> From Satan, from sin,
> And from Cutlar MacCullocks."

The English King, Edward I, responded to an urgent petition and drove the very unwilling Scots back home. Robert Bruce, however,

reconquered the island and struck the ancient spark to a flame again. Since 1829 the tempest-tossed little island has been a dependency of the English Crown.

This is not intended to be a history of the Isle of Man, but such tossing history as found expression in their language breathed the characteristic element of it all into the souls of all those who found the Æolian-like nature of Manxmen in their blood. Manxmen are Manxmen wherever born.

These impressive qualities set within such limited bounds as the little island place was, produced a strange conflict of personality. It is impossible to live within such short bounds as an island whose oceaned shores you can see by a short walk from any point on it, and not become an islander. The Manxman at home was an islander. He could not but estimate every comparison he made in terms of the whole. The whole was so small, there was an ever-present conflict in his Viking-pulsed soul, striving to break the island bounds, and to know those larger ways where wayfaring men go. The sea, whose hauntingly receding horizons forever beckoned him from every outlook of his home, lured him far. To me, one of the most interesting conflicts in personality and

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environment in all the world is that which has been set in the restless soul of the Manxman.

The blooded relationship of the whole race is closely entangled. Their families crossed and recrossed in their close bounded home. There are but few Manx names. Down all their years come the persistent few and reappearing names. In this great, big, and world-attracting country of ours, the repetition of prominent names is of marked interest. Someone has said of America, that the dominant names of every generation are new names. What he was arguing for was the liable fact that the man who works out success cannot hand it on, ready-made, to his son. His argument, however, carries a larger reflection in national meaning than that even though vital fact. America has all the names. Whether or no we can as a nation Americanize them, is one of our prime problems.

Manxland has but few names. Those names are recurrent. I wrote for the roster of the House of Keys. Knowing its reflective relationship to the whole Manx story, I felt sure the list would incorporate a real sample of dominant names. I was interested to read for today a list that might have been the list of a hundred or three hundred years ago.

They read thus in representative collection, and seemed to be an age-long echo of the oldest representative governing body in existence: Clucas, Kerruish, Gawne, Cain, Caine, Quine, Quayle, Quilliam, Kermode, Quilleash, Carlott, Kermeen. The roll call of the House of Keys is never a strange collection.

Whether you read in the way of history, or of politics, or of literature, in the story of Manxland the name of Quayle will greet you.

CHAPTER II

BEGINNINGS

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
—"To a Skylark," *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

GENIUS is not a matter of explanation, and much biographical endeavor has been ill spent in trying to make logical the actions of characters who stand in their own strength. It is not necessary that genius shall come always among us leaning upon some logical yesterday. There is always to me a sense of surprised delight to come suddenly upon a lone standing genius. I love a man whom the family trees do not seem able to account for. The trouble, disappointing, in many of the tallest mountains of the world, is that they stand amid great mountain-ranges and upon vast areas of high ground, so the whole near-by earth has a general elevation

that leaves the great mountain but scant distinction. Only here and there across the globe do we find a great, lone mountain that struggles up to its majestic height from the flat earth.

Greatness is never of easy explanation. The great man always carries the confounding fact of his own individuality. When he springs mid-sky from humblest beginnings, the loneness of his own character is impressive. Abraham Lincoln is the most confounding character in the human story to me. The more I learn of him the less I am able to understand him. He confounds me at every point of his marvelous career. He stands a lone figure in human greatness. His ancestry, his environment, everything seems in contradiction. But that only fascinates me the more with his greatness. Of course we must recognize that nature may not care to reveal all the latent greatness it possesses, and the very secret of the revealed great man may lie in the fact that for long suppressed years the accumulating strengths of lives have been gathering to unitedly leap out to acclaimed power in some chosen, though to the world unlooked for, individual.

It is, however, always of interest to look

along the way of the coming of a genius among us to see if we can find any of the evidences that to dull eyes were not recognized, but now, in the consummation of the completed product, we think we can understand. So we follow eagerly small trails and listen to the stories of folks long gone, whose ways seem now significant, in that they may have been forerunners of what at last has become an outstanding character.

The parents of William Alfred Quayle came from the southern part of the Isle of Man, from a little place called Castletown. The name of the village was achieved by virtue of the fact that over a thousand years ago some Norse adventurers, who were endeavoring to make a permanent place for their kinsmen there, had built Rushen Castle, which still towers above those clustered little homes. Along the coast runs a great cliff, and rising sharply as the land goes back from the shore, the whole region seems to stand up to look out to sea. The gradient is so steep that when once you have climbed your way for only a short distance you look back to feel that the whole shore-line is dropping away from your feet, and you look away to an unobstructed view of the sky and to a horizoning sweep of

the sea, only fringed at one point forty miles away by the lifted lands of Skiddaw and the Lake district of England made famous by Wordsworth and Coleridge.

It is in such surroundings, whose general visioning impression is a very little of earth and very much of heaven, the fascinating atmosphere in which the skylark of Methodism reveled, is found.

Under the shadow of that ancient Rushen Castle there may yet be found an unpretentious store which has been in the keeping of the same family for many generations. The family name is Cubban. It is an ancient name which has been trimmed to suit the Manx people, a way Manx folks have always had with names. The earlier forms of their names very frequently carried a prefix of "Mac," meaning son. Almost all Manx patronymics can be divided into three classes. The genitives follow either the Celt, Scandinavian or biblical original. Years of careless interest have allowed the "Mac" to fall away, preserving only the "c" of the prefix by coupling it to the genitive. Thus the old name Mac Lucas has now become the Manx name of Clucas. A large number of names begin with "K" or "Q," which find their reason in the custom

above noted. The name of Quayle doubtless meaning "Son of Uayle," the "Q" being the remnant of the old "Mac" once attached there. In the Book of Records the name as originally placed was "Mac Fayle," and the first record is of John Bane Mac Fayle, Kirk Michael, 1511 A. D. The first appearance of the name of the mother, "Gale," as we know it ("Gayle," as he loved to spell it, no record of which we have been able to find), is recorded in 1511 Kirkpatrick, Isle of Man, as Reynold Gall. The name is on the ancient gravestones as "Gaille," and in America took the varied form of Gell, Gale, and Gill.

The Cubban family, whose home and business have been in Castletown for centuries, was formerly named Mac Kibban, and evolved the present-day name in the above manner. The name is of Norse origin. The family is among the most interesting as well as gifted families on the Island, and has carried a reputation for eloquence across the years. The grandmother of William Alfred Quayle was a Cubban.

All this I have put here in accord with some who would find in such relationship some clue at least for the strangely impressive life and eloquence of the man whose origins they would

make logical. I have also accounts of the preaching ability of John Gale, the brother of the mother of Bishop Quayle. I have also the enthusiastic account of the Gale grandmother, who, when it was known she would preach, was always greeted by a great audience confident of an eloquent discourse. I have likewise two accounts sent me recording the very unusual character of the mother of Bishop Quayle. She was said to have a strange and instinctive command of language. Her privilege in education had been almost nothing, but she possessed an ability to move to laughter or tears any company of people. At a little Ohio place called Cook's Corner she was relating her Christian experience in a revival meeting, shortly after her arrival in America. Her Manx brogue was so interesting and curious that some started to laugh, but the compulsion of her story was so eloquently told it soon hushed to solemn attention, and then moved to genuine tears the whole company.

For all these things I am glad, and more, but they seem to be such feeble efforts to find out a way of reasonable approach to a genuine genius, that I incline to simply brush them all aside and stand in appreciation before that for which we need no explanation, but

for which we do feel profound gratitude. I am always glad in the inspiring presence of a really great man, and I take him for his own greatness.

Thomas Quayle was but twenty years old when he left the Isle of Man, and set himself out into the world to find a new way. He came to America to escape the fate which had fallen to all his male forbears, who had been drowned at sea. He naturally gravitated to a settlement of Manx folks in northern Ohio. There in the home of one Archie Cole he met Elizabeth Gell, and they later were married at Cook's Corner, Ohio. Let me place here the words of the son of that union, as beautiful a tribute to their plain but genuine value as could be written:

> I am the son of a foreign man and woman, and they came over here so they could get to see each other. And they saw each other—that is sure. And by and by, as the woman and man have seen each other, and seeing each other have loved each other, and loving each other have married each other, so my father and mother did. You can fall in love in any language, thank the Lord! And you can marry in any language, thank the Lord! And this is the thing that I have remembered about it, never having known my mother, waiting now, and waiting yet, and waiting for some dreamy, shadow face to come—

waiting for my mother's face—my father having long since slipped out into the land of morning to clasp my mother by the hand, and walk the shining ways, called the ways of the providence of God. Yet this I know, that my mother and my father met and married, and were beautifully poor; so that I, a Methodist preacher, have never had to learn poverty, having known it from the first. And my father, gone to heaven years since, and my mother who had gone before him, from the summits of the Rocky Mountains years and years ago, before I ever knew her kiss, left no library to me—no other books, but only these, *The Saint's Everlasting Rest*, and the Bible.

O me! There are ancestors of great repute for some. As Tennyson has said, "There be those sprung from the midriff of an hundred kings," but I would rather have been the son of a woman and man, who in their penury could not leave to the child of their love, to the child of their heart and hearth, anything but a Bible, than to have been descended from all the majesties of history.

That is the genuine tribute of an affectionate heart toward parents whom he always loved passionately. He was born in Parkville, Missouri, June 25, 1860. I have had several contradictory accounts of the circumstances of the birth. Some say it occurred during the residence of his parents in the little Missouri town, where they lived two years. One says they returned from Colorado to Parkville. Some

say the birth was an incident on the journey the parents were making to the West, where Thomas Quayle hoped to find a fortune in mining for gold. From all the accounts I can find, I can deduce no reason for their ever having returned from Colorado to Parkville, nor can I find any reason or account of their having lived in Parkville for any period. Several times in my soundings for facts I have encountered a little tradition that gives his birthplace in a moving-wagon which had gotten as far as the village of Parkville, Missouri, on its way to the Rocky Mountains. I like the tradition; in fact, I hope it is true. It is different. He was such a different sort of a man from any man I have ever known, that I am glad to think of his very introduction differently. There is flavor in it anyhow. But however the manner, or just whenever the journey may have been completed, the little Manx family did arrive in the mining regions of the Rocky Mountains, and Elizabeth Gell Quayle died before her babe ever caught to his soul the contour of her face, or ever set ringing in his memory the sound of her voice. It was a sorrow that went deeply into his tender heart. He never ceased to long for his mother. Abraham Lincoln, who was mothered by his

loved one until he was a lad of nine years, used to go daily to the grave where she was buried, and weep and think. William Quayle never even was able to find a place which he could believe might have been the burial place of his mother. They buried pioneers where they died. Many, many the time he used to walk and clamber along the mountain sides, inquiring of every one he could meet if there were any graves thereabout. He would eagerly turn over the rocks, anxiously searching for some mark that might bear witness of some grave, and if some grave, it might be his mother's grave; but he was never even rewarded with such a faint comfort of such a frail possibility. He died without ever having had the much sought privilege of bringing his affectionate soul to the spot of the burial place of his mother. He used to carry a curl of reddish brown hair in a locket, a bit of hair he had begged from a cousin who was said to have hair like unto that of his mother's. He would look at that lock of hair, in the dream of his hungry heart, that he might but see her to whom he owed so much, and from whom all his conscious hours had been denied. I have heard him pray, as we have talked together over the debts we owe those who gave us our birth, "Oh God, help

me to keep my lips clean, that when I shall greet her first at the gates, I can do so with clean lips."

His affection for his quaint and instinctively religious father was almost as impressive, though expressed in that ripened experience which was granted by years of close acquaintance. He described his father in an address he made before the British Wesleyan Conference in these words:

I knew a Methodist, a farmer with hard farmer's hands. He was converted when twelve years old, and was a man to whom religion meant a very great deal, he being of a frame of heart to conceive of God as a chief circumstance. He was a devout man, always in the house of God. Always receptive of truth. Always a stanch friend of the preacher, who made his house his home. The heavenly country was to him no continent of clouds, but the sure *terra firma* of the soul: and to this desired land, where his wife had been almost since the birth of their son, he went with glad feet and laughing heart, saying as his last words, "I am ready." He was a man of pronounced individuality, a voice as loud as the roaring sea with which he neighbored when a child, and in young manhood, and in which all his men ancestors for unknown generations had been buried, he being the first man of his family, so far as can be traced, who has died on land; and though living in these later days in Kansas, fifteen hundred miles from the ocean,

his heart hungered at the last for a sight of the ships and the salt sea, and he died suddenly in San Diego, California, in hearing of the sea. He was genial, talkative, neighborly, would make friends with everybody, seldom knew anybody's name, always knew everybody's face. He was a man of fine mother wit, of a strong understanding, and a shrewd getter at the core of things by intellectual cross-cuts. He was a slight reader, a man whose stock of information was almost wholly by observation, a shrewd reader of human nature, a brave attendant at revivals, attending one until within two days of his death. He was a good American, loving the flag, and the Constitution, a man of devout temper, his voice always sank low when he said grace before meat; he was a neighbor beloved, with a brawny understanding, a farmer who grew the wheat of God in his heart. So this Methodist lived and died.

Through these doors, whether there be in them any explanation or no, there came among us the most individual individual it has ever been my privilege to know. He needs no explanation. He is himself.

I saw a skylark spring from the furrow of a field, and with its strange circling climbing flight, wing its fascinating way into the very concealment of the sky above me, while it thrilled my soul with the melody of its song. For that reason, as I have watched this fascinating friend of mine, starting from his hum-

ble place soaring to the heights of genius, and leaving the world a-flood with his song, I have chosen to call him THE SKYLARK OF METHODISM.

CHAPTER III

DEVELOPMENTS

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest like a cloud of fire;
The deep blue thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.
—"To a Skylark," *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

EVERY boy's life is a real romance. The tragedy which lurks in such a fact is that no one ever recognizes it until the romance has progressed into some real great life, and no records of the romantic boyhood are available. The boy facts of every man's life must always be hunted out in the unnatural luster that the later life sheds upon them. The reality of a boy's life is to be found in the fact that it is right then in itself its own rich reward. When it becomes the route along which some rare character has come, then boyhood is but a reflection of a later honor which would magnify to meaning everything connected in any way with its arrival. When a boy is just a boy, and there seems in him no evidence to convince any anticipation in him

of any possible approach of genius, then could we get that fair estimation which makes boyhood in itself a genuine joy and delight. I wish we might some day have the real honest life of a boy who was not compelled to become a great man. The boyhood of a great man is so easily spoiled by being warped into meanings that were never in it. The royal born boy, who is headed into some public place from the first, must of course be subjected to every artificiality that makes life listless to a boy, and reduces to a monotonous similarity his daily drill. The life of the ordinary boy, whom no one has spoiled with expectation, and over whose way hangs no haunt of coming greatness, leads the world in care-free enjoyment.

No one ever suspected the little red-headed son of Thomas Quayle of being a son of fortune, and there was but little interest expended on the days of his boyhood. I leave to students of heredity the tracing to logical conclusions which may find their arguments in the natures and tastes of the parents of him.

His parents were cousins, a fact which was not uncommon among Manx folks, because in their islanded confinement the intermarriage of families was not easily escaped. I well remember once during my college days

a most interesting discussion on eugenics which was taking place in the home of the president of our university. The discussion was supported on either side by men of influence in the councils of the church, one of them being a Bishop. Numerous references had been made to the grave danger incurred in the intermarriage of cousins. Thomas Quayle sat quietly listening to the discussion, saying nothing. The fact of the relationship in his home was known to but two of the company. Someone finally in that fine sense of propriety that sometimes blunders its way into interesting results, turned to the quiet old Manxman and suggested, "What do you think about this matter, Brother Quayle?" The long-brooding listener shifted his position in his chair a bit and pointing to the president of the school, in whose home they were, and of whom he was justifiably proud, offered a conclusive testimony to what he thought, in the informing declaration, "My wife and I are cousins, and there sits the idiot." The discussion shifted grounds, for it was remembered that Abraham Lincoln also was a like product.

If the poets who poetize about heredity were versing truth personally, they may not have been in any manner making out a general case

for heredity. Dr. George A. Gordon has answered that claim by putting in fine humor the case of Queen Victoria as made out in that very much worth reading book by Lytton Strachey. Doctor Gordon makes bold to say, in a manner with which we are willing to agree, that all this talk about royal blood and aristocracy is nothing less than "biological blasphemy." He even grows enthusiastic of his own ancestry to declare that had Queen Victoria had the advantage of such a father and mother as he had, she would at least have been happier, and he feels even greater than she was.

I have always had great sympathy for and real belief in a little round faced, freckled cheeked Irish girl whom I saw standing on the curb in London one day as a procession of royalty passed along the street. As one of the great carriages of chief attraction came by, amid concentrated interest of all the people, there was seen a favorite queen, and the little unknown girl in her own honest estimate of herself said, "I wish that was me." I was for her. I have forgotten all the rest of that parade. I would not know them if I saw them tagged now. But that little round-faced Irish girl, I believe I would remember, if I met her among a million. Heredity makes me won-

der. Environment furnishes me with speculative interest. Individuality is forever making a hard fight to vindicate its independence. We wonder what a personality might have been under circumstances different from those amid which it grew. Did my parentage or my environment account for me? Would William Quayle have become the same fine type of mentality and heartality had he been grown in association with the rugged mountains, where sleeps in hiding the mortality of his mother, as he did become, brought up to neighbor with prairies and to know far-flung horizons?

After all, such persistent questions, which we cannot avoid, are mere matters for speculation, for they cannot be settled as long as the same babe is compelled to the limitation of growing up but once. We must take the life we find matured here, amid whatever it was matured, and make the most of whatever the result may be.

A miner-father, whose wife had passed on, leaving him a lonely charge of a baby boy, could not easily know a satisfactory way to meet his responsibility. There was an uncle of the babe who lived in Kansas. He was the brother of the dead mother. He was a Methodist preacher. He wore the Americanized

Manx name of Edward Gill. Into his home the motherless Quayle came, and under the care and interest of that home, he grew into a lad who was known by the name of William Gill, which name he wore even into his college days.

In the very opening sentences of the last book that ever came from his pen, and which was given to type only after he was gone, is registered the flavor of his boyhood days which followed unfailingly to the very last moment of his life.

I was motherless, and my father was absent, always absent—he being a gold miner in distant mountains, so that he was a myth to me; and my mother was in heaven. This they told me of her, and the story was precious to my orphan heart, eagering for a mother. . . . The motherless boy wanted his mother, though he knew not why. A wee bit laddie, and lonely for his mother, and here it is that clouds come along my horizon, shifting loveliness and loneliness, but always shifting loneliness. The clouds were high, and were winged, and were toward where my mother was. That is how clouds came into my life. I remember lying on my back in the summer grass, in the lonesome summer, and wistfully watching the clouds at journey far off, far up—and I was longing for my mother. They were near to her. She was in heaven, they said, and heaven was up, and that theology was sufficient to

William Alfred Quayle at the Age of Thirteen

make the lad lift up his eyes. I was in nothing unusual, in nothing profound, but was a lonely little boy without a father and altogether motherless, an ill-treated poor little tyke! And so I was whipped into dreaming of a mother, and longing for a mother.

As I came to know closely the man, I would make testimony here, that this first impressioning fact of his boyhood became a cardinal fact of his mature character. It molded his meditation. It found phrase in his poetry. It breathed in his most searching prayers. It yearned in his preaching. It moved him in his friendships. He never escaped in this world the consciousness of motherlessness. It was the tender-heartedness of his life, early manifest, ripened across the years, and dominant at the end.

Just the date of his coming to that preacher-home I have not been able to conclude. He left it, however, ushered again to a new home by the hand of sorrow, as the wife died giving death once more a compulsion in his construction. He was sent a lad of thirteen to live with another Methodist preacher, James Boicourt, "a man who lived out in the open prairie of soul, where you could see him from sky to sky." We have this fine testimony left us in tribute on the day that formative friend died:

When an orphan as a little child I lived with this sweet soldier-preacher for a year, and it put a music of manhood into my heart that has never silenced for a moment in all these years. He was to me at the time of his death the only earthly father I possessed, and my letters to him always began, "Dear Father Boicourt," and his dear letters to me always began "Dear Willie," and now I shall neither write him nor see him, only hold him in my heart like a star.

Among some of the yet preserved Boicourt letters is one reflective incident that bears upon the matter of this volume, as well as upon the common hardships borne by those circuit-riders who uncomplainingly went their difficult pioneering but beckoningly constructive ways. He tells the incident of one preacher who rode with difficulty across a menacing river to borrow another minister's credit in order to buy enough sugar to supply his family, which consisted of a wife and a little boy. The credit borrowing preacher was Edward Gill; the credit loaning preacher was James Boicourt; the little boy was one day to become a bishop in the church.

Oh the way, and the wonder, and the imaginings, of this dream-lured boy's soul, as he grew up watching the wonderful clouds, the argosies of God, sailing shoreless seas. He

Arcadia Texas
Feb 18 1914
The Rev Bishop Quayle
Dear Willie.
You are so close To
my heart, that I feel
your Bereavement, to be
my Bereavement.
you have my Sympathy
and my Prayers for
God to be very near you
and all yours.
James. Boicourt.

says he sometimes "stopped plowing mid-field to see the sullen splendor of a cloud burn low like a great ship in conflagration." The winds of the windy west blew into his face and scattered his reddish hair into an uncombed and uncombable halo upon his fine head.

His lack of the ordinary privileges of life, as we commonly estimate those privileges, compelled him to depend upon those elements of imagination and meditation which tend to build the mind into originality. Perhaps we are paying a higher price for the easily available helps of our growing life these days than we know. Doubtless we are not growing as distinct a type of individuality as some other generations have grown. Doubtless we are enjoying the most general privilege of culture and education any generation of the world's history has ever known. But we sometimes wonder at the mass production. Are we losing individuality? Have we done so much of the formative thinking for our growing boys and girls that we have deprived them of their own rugged mental mastery?

However we may choose to answer such questions, it must remain true that the lonesome lad of this story was compelled to career far for his companionships. He watched with

eager interest the clouds that flew high and far. He raced bare-footed, with their shadows across the prairies. He listened entranced to the voices of birds, to the whistle of the winds, and to the crash of the storms. He cultivated companionship everywhere. Not a thing escaped his keen eye. Not an idea could hide from his inquisitive wonder. An insatiable hunger to know took early possession of him and never left him. "I want to know," was the driving motive of a brain that scarce ever rested. He hunted for knowledge everywhere and everywhen.

The first book that ever came into his own personal possession (and prized as a genuine trophy as boys do prize things, no matter what, just so they belong actually to them) was a copy of an almanac. It had pages of interesting information in it, and in eager hunger this lonesome lad of the prairies devoured it all. We have his own words about this to me most interesting and indicative fact of his earliest educational endeavor. He was being entertained at a dinner party a few years ago in company with the head of one of the large business houses in an Eastern city. He suddenly changed the whole trend of the conversation with the question:

"By the way, Doctor, do you still publish that almanac?"

The doctor replied: "We certainly do. We publish the almanac now by the million."

"Well," said the Bishop, "the first book I ever owned in my life was one of your almanacs, and it was given to me. I used to get one of those new books each year. I liked the price then and I like it now. I always carried a copy of the latest edition with me. I made it a business from my very boyhood days, with my first book possession, to study and fix in my mind the one event for the day as recorded there, then I would test my memory by recalling other dates in due order. This aided me both with facts and in practice of memory. Plowing, sowing, reaping, chopping, sawing, I was never without my first book."

"How could you do that, Bishop?" inquired his host. "Did you carry your book in your pocket everywhere you went?"

The Bishop laughed in his unrestrained manner and said: "Pocket? Pocket? Never in those days was I equipped with a pocket. Those conveniences were of later arrival. I was a full-grown young man before I ever had a pocket. A pocket was a luxury, and not many luxuries were mine in those days."

"Then how did you carry it?"

"Oh, I just folded it once lengthwise and stuck it in my belt, the only treasure guard I had."

The second book that took hold upon his mind and life, and molded itself not only into the message of his whole soul but flavored with its phraseology his fascinating conversation, was the King James version of the English Bible, which he found on the center table of the preacher-home where he was reared. There was a bigness about the volume that made it a bit formidable to even the boldness of a curious lad, but he broke through that, ere long, and became fascinated with the big black type, and the wonderfully clothed sentences fell into his fertile mind with measureless influence.

I need bring here no more evidence than the name of William Lyon Phelps as witness, when I dare declare the King James version of the English Bible to be the finest piece of English we have. The reason sufficient being that English was at its best when that translation was made. I am not saying it is the best version of the Bible we have. I am saying the English in it is the best. He who saturates his talk with the phraseology of the King James version of the English Bible will be sure

to speak in most beautiful measure. The abiding influence of that early planted fact in this knowledge-hungry lad will come out in a later chapter.

The third book of influence that came into his life was a book of his own purchase. It was expressively influential to him, I presume, both because he bought it with his own money and because he deliberately selected it as the thing for which he was willing to spend all the money he had. He was saved from the danger of riches from his very start. Whatever the danger of poverty may be, he was spared the danger of riches. Across his earliest years he saved the pennies and nickels and dimes that came to him. I do not believe it was an early evidence of great economy. I do believe it was more likely due to the absence of tempting offers. Whatever be the conspiring reason, the fact is that one day when he was the laddiest sort of a lad he went to town with his long-gathered handful of money and set himself to exchange it for the thing he most desired. What will a boy buy if he has enough money to buy what he really wants? If you will answer that question for me, I will tell you much about the purchaser. I can see that freckled-faced, red-headed, bare-footed boy

from the country, going from store to store, not very well-stocked stores either, looking for that for which he was willing to open his fast-clasped hand. It was not for something to eat he was hunting, though his bill of fare fortunately had always been of the plainest sort. It was not for something to wear he was hunting, though his whole possession in that line was worn every day. The first thing this always interesting life ever bought, and bought with all the money he had, and possessed with a joy of unqualified satisfaction, was a copy of Shakespeare's Poems. He carried that book home in triumph. He patted it as fondly as a dear friend. A book! A book! A book!

"See what I spent my money for," said he, in the sure verdict of his investment as he exposed his purchase for the admiration of those with whom he lived. He was assured as he did so, with the enlightening information that there wasn't anything about plowing corn in that book.

"I don't know," said he, "I haven't read it yet."

So he took it with him out to the cornfield. He has told me a good many times of the great joy he had plowing corn with Shakespeare. He frankly admitted he got more joy out of

Shakespeare than out of the corn, but he didn't care to separate them just for argument, and somehow each one strangely offset the other. He said it wasn't very good for the corn, but it was wonderfully good for Willie Gill. He said he didn't plow much corn, but he plowed up a lot of it. He would throw the reins around his neck and get the horses headed straight down the row and then say, "Get up, Bill"—and read "Hamlet" till they struck the fence on the other end of the field. When he discovered the horses had stopped, he would adjust them carefully to the next row and "King Lear" it all the way back. All the corn he did raise has been eaten by the swine that have long since been merged in that ever threateningly close horizon of the slaughter pen, and all the corn he did not raise has now been forgotten in the enlarged crops of a more systematic agricultural day out there. The impress of Shakespeare which was made in that farmer boy's soul and mind, however, has gone careering a whole world, as his brilliant essays and lectures have swept the literary attention of vast multitudes in one of the finest interpretations Shakespeare's characters have ever received anywhere.

The fourth book that got influential en-

trance into his life came in a most interesting manner and at a most significant moment. He was converted one stormy night in a little schoolhouse. It was strangely proper that he should have been brought to his religious decision in a schoolhouse, and that it was on a stormy night. The school had always had fascination to him, and his conversion happened at a moment when his inquiring mind had been confused by those doubts and clamorous questionings which early make their entrance to young mentality. He was troubled religiously. The storm may have kept back many others, but not he. He loved a storm. There was a lure in a storm to him that could not be resisted even to his last day. You would find him out in a storm. On that storm-swept night he came to the little schoolhouse and heard a sermon by a discouraged preacher, who measured his service by the number of the hearers, and had no means to measure on ahead into the ripened meaning of his accepted invitation when given that night. The preacher's name was Cooley, and his invitation was accepted by that young troubled Manx lad who sat alone, because there were scarce enough others to sit beside.

I heard him tell it one day in an address

W. A. Quayle W. N. Mason H. A. Gobin S. A. Lough S. S. Weatherby

TAKEN AT INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT LOUGH, BAKER UNIVERSITY, 1917

he made to preachers about preachers, and to me it carries the story so completely it should never be changed from his own words.

"I think sometimes of the funny men I have had preach to me, and I remember how they did tear the beautiful garments of dramatic expression into small ribbons and did not care about the ribbons at all; and I remember when I heard them fall on the 'whom's' and the 'who's,' and all the other ridiculosities of speech. Yet I remember some of those men who could not get it arranged whether they should say 'who' or 'whom' who brought you up until you fell on the outstretched hand and caught the foot of the cross of God. I would not say that I like people to be ungrammatical, but I would rather hear some people who are ungrammatical and divine than to hear some other people who are grammatical and utterly human.

"The preacher who came over to me one night and said, 'Billy, you belong to Jesus'—that is the fellow. He was a kind of farmer fellow, and he grew all crops but hair, and he wore farmer clothes, and spoke about farming and sowing. He said there was a sower who went out to sow, and there was a great harvest, and everybody paid heed. Then he came

up and put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'Billy, God wants you to be one of his farmers,' and I got up and went down the aisle of that little schoolhouse, not to the chancel—there wasn't any—there wasn't anything but an old dictionary on the floor in that schoolhouse. So I knelt down and bowed my head on that dictionary. And, oh, me, the wind was wild that night. It was stormy as on a wild sea. The storm that beat upon that schoolhouse where the wind had its full chance, blew like it did another night on the Sea of Galilee, and Christ came over and said, 'Boy, what do you want down here?' And I said, 'I want thee, O Christ,' and he said, 'I have come.'

"Thanks be to God for the preachers who thought so little of themselves because they thought so much of Christ; thank God for the preachers who had not more sense than to go around visiting everybody, and did not know that anybody was lowly, but thought that there were only high people in the world because Christ died for them, and had said to everyone: 'Brother, Christ spoke your name in my ear, and he said—he knew you all—'Come on over, come on over.' "

He found God to his soul as he knelt with his head upon an old dictionary. I have

always believed the incident is not without meaning in the fact that the dictionary became one of his very fondest books. He came to a genuine love of the great book of words. He would read it by the hour. He used to be a bit troubled over the rest of us because we never seemed to pore over it very much. He is the only man I have ever known who was actually fond of reading the dictionary. He said to me one day, "Do you read the dictionary much?"

I answered him that I never sat up nights to pore over it. He told me quickly that I would be profited if I would do so. He said, "It is a little disconnected, but very interesting." It was his love of words. He had a strange fondness for words. He knew more words than any man I have ever had close friendship with. The accompanying interesting fact with that is, that he knew how to marshal them around, and always kept them moving in a most attractive manner. He never had a traffic-jam with his vocabulary. He had too much sense to get confused by words, and always found them at his quick beckon to give shade, or rhythm, or color, or power, or balance to the fast flying sentences that flew from his ever alert mind. The dictionary was one

of the books with which he actually companioned all his days.

I have named in these four distinct forms of book influences the contributive bases of forces that worked constructively upon the boyhood of this lonesome but liable lad.

CHAPTER IV

GROWTH

Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.
—"To a Skylark," *William Wordsworth.*

THERE is an uncharted period in every man's life which occupies that mystic time between boyhood's uncalculating confidence and the awakening sense of individual ambition and expectation of youth. It is a companionless time of life, when, regardless of all others who may be about, the new and untried sailor on the mystic sea begins to feel the uneasiness attendant upon the fact that he is setting sail with sealed orders. Conscious of his loneness he begins to cultivate a neighborliness with whatever he feels he can safely trust. He companions with the clouds; he neighbors with the trees; he laughs with the brooks; he shouts at the winds. He is shy of folks, but bold and cordial with nature. He is not yet a scientist, in the knowledge he possesses of the things about him, but he holds an affectionate acquaintance with things, which

makes you feel that he comes right out of the heart of nature with a relationship the scientist might well aspire to know. There is a real acquaintance and familiarity thus, which, while different in its texture from that which is to be learned from books and in the laboratory by analysis, still carries a quality essential, and an element that cannot be acquired by mere study, but which when brought as the basis of scientific cultivation forms an inestimable advantage to its possessor.

This Manx lad on the prairies became a lad of the prairies. He became the nature-child of wherever he was. Had he been among the mountains raised, he had been a mountain lad. But born to prairies, the prairies nurtured him. Hall Caine used to say Manxmen were islanders. The reason, of course, being that they were everywhere conscious of their islanded environment. The shore was everywhere about. All the comparisons they made were inclusive of the whole. They thought in terms of the whole.

This Manx lad, whose horizons always found lines along land-marked ways, looked upward for his sea, and made his ships out of the clouds, those argosies of God, that sail forever to the unknown ports of the sky. He

gathered there his earliest ideas from which his last book was written, a book which was permitted the type only after death claimed him.

His education was begun in his first acquaintances. Education was an instinctive passion with him. He had had an education had he been denied a school and a teacher. He inquired. He carried an inquisitive mind that hesitated not. His curiosity made expedition into every door available. A book was a coveted opportunity. His memory was unfailing. His father did not enthuse at the general idea of an education in his earlier years. He had become a farmer and settled near the little Kansas town of Auburn, and not having been privileged an education himself, believed the boy would make just as successful a farmer under the same limitations as had he. Such negative ideals, however, made no impress on the eager, hungry brain of the growing lad, and he ravenously snatched up every available crumb in the way of knowledge he could find.

The very first attempt he ever made at public speaking was about as usual for all country lads. He "spoke a piece" at the little country schoolhouse, where his first regular privilege of school was had. He chose a patriotic poem.

Patriotism was ever a characteristic which glowed in his soul. That day's effort of an eight-year-old lad, a slight, delicate-looking boy, too, with stooped shoulders and a mass of uncontrollable red hair falling in confusion, which was better than any styles available, was an index of a career of triumph on the platform, as he spoke vigorously,

> "Old Ironsides at anchor lay
> In the harbor of Mahon."

So well was the speech received that with great determination he agreed shortly thereafter to make another attempt, and this time the platform of the little Methodist church in Auburn was his throne of eloquence, and he recited "The Miser," starting with these lines:

> "Many hunted, sweat, and bled for gold.
> Worked all night and labored all the day,
> And what was this allurement?
> Dost thou ask?
> A dust dug from the bowels of the earth,
> Which men admire and call a god."

I have a letter from one who was present when that speech was made. Of course now she interprets the impress it made, in the

knowledge of what his later years accomplished. It is, however, doubtless true that the first sparks that ever fell into the waiting-to-be-kindled eloquence of many of our best platform men, were those sparks which fell in the school days, when on exhibition there was found a real responsive nature to the call of public address.

His education burned to a passion in his very early years. The fact that his first purchase was a book was made a real eloquent evidence of his character, in the closing days, even hours, of his life, that the very last thing he ever bought was a book. It is pathetically eloquent, and humorously refreshing, to recognize the unquenchable nature of the great soul, when, as death stood at his very side reaching for him, he ordered the latest unabridged dictionary to be sent to him, declaring in the sparkling humor not even death could quench, "I want to be sure to get well of the right disease."

He literally exposed his mind and soul to every fact he could find, in the eager desire to feel the thrill of accumulating knowledge, which followed always along the simple but tireless process of learning some new thing every day. He eagerly went to the little coun-

try school every day he could get there. When at last an opportunity came whereby he could attend a better, he went with unrestrained enthusiasm to the State Agricultural College at Manhattan, and then to the State University at Lawrence, in each of which his stay was brief, and of no importance, save in the presentation of financial difficulty and hardships, which served as a steel to strike the fire of determination from the flint of his soul.

When he was fourteen years of age he found his way to the doors of Baker University, which in 1874 presented a not very attractive appearance to any who may have come from the great colleges of the East, but which was the most welcome privilege that had ever come within reach of this unknown and even wrongly named lad, for he brought with him there the name of "William Gill." He has told me many times with what impressed feelings of gratitude he came to that little Kansas village of Baldwin. It was toward evening when he came in sight of the town. The bell that swung in the belfry of the one unfinished stone building was ringing. He took off his hat, and turning his thankful face toward God, while genuine tears of gratitude flushed his eyes, gave thanks for the chance that now seemed

before him. He did not know how hard that chance would be, nor did he care. In an article he wrote for the college paper many years later he has this lonely line, "When fourteen years of age I was initiated into Baker University, being a little lad without a home, and so sent thither as a sort of worthless keepsake."

Those were difficult days, even for difficulty-tried Kansas. They were the days of grasshoppers. Those uninvited guests, which came from no one knew where, took all the profit from the farmers, and would have bankrupted the spirits of any other folks. The struggling college that had not then gotten far enough along in its career to recognize comparisons in difficulty, enjoyed that fine democracy which is attendant upon universal hardship. Where times are hard for everybody there is no discouragement in hardship to anybody.

It was not in search for an easy time that "William Gill" had gone to Baker University. He went there in pursuit of an education, and he would have pursued that education over beyond whatever difficulty it might have been concealed with. He asked no terms; he only asked a chance. He found a place to live and work for his board on a farm just south of the village. Much to his liking, they had an old

low-roofed house, with his bed up close to the roof, where the rain when it did come in those days, beat a beautiful tattoo, and conspired, much to his liking, to a dreaminess which was one of the fondest privileges of his life, down to its very last minute. The old house stood close beside a little stream that had eaten its way through an interesting cliff of sandstone sown thick with fossils. Along that stream all the years the classes in geology have been finding their demonstrations, but to this mind-hungry boy it was not a mere lesson but a haunt.

He writes of those days: "We were abstemious, not for conscience sake, but for poverty's sake. But we got on. Neighbors were as we were. Diet was not sybaritic with anybody to speak of. I have had better board since, but sweeter gentleman and lady keeping boarding-house I have not known. It is easier to get victuals than people."

Let me use here some words of his culled from an old college paper, descriptive of the college he knew then:

> College held in the Stone Hall. The basement was incompleted. The entire upstairs was unfinished. The recitations were all conducted on the first floor. There were but a few of us there. Some

were ravelings like myself. We were numerous enough, or innumerous enough, to be housed with room to spare, but the chapel was roomy enough for chapel lectures, and sundry advices, and for speakers to divulge secrets regarding the evils of the saloon, and the enormity of Mormonism's affairs and sometimes a chaste remark about the perils of foreign immigration. I state this so that present students may know that others have suffered as they must suffer now.

It is good to know how good times can be had in a little schoolhouse, and with scant facilities, and withal how bents toward learning can be had, which will stay with a body while he lives. The kingdom of knowledge is within us.

What impress the college that really becomes the college of a life makes on that life!

In after years, as the days then lived are reckoned up, the poverty of the equipment and the economy of administration are all forgotten in the actual realization of the fact that, after all, a college is not so much a matter of the tools with which professors have to work, as it is the human impresses that are made in contact with genuine souls. There is a sense, of course, in which the famous definition of a college in which great Mark Hopkins on a log with a boy to attend his teaching was the figure, is unfair to that great teacher and the true

rights of a college as well. Of course we know Mark Hopkins deserved a better chance than that offered by a mere log as college equipment, and the great teacher with all the latest improvements would be none too good as an opportunity for such a teacher to every student contact. But there is another sense in which that log-limited definition does carry the real heart of the story. When we think back into the real impress of the great centers of teaching, it is not equipment but teachers that remain. Rugby holds its place by the great name whose tread is still heard in the very sound of the word. You cannot walk along the haunted streets of Oxford and escape those deathless personalities. Microscopes and laboratories and libraries stay in their places. Teachers who made live the things they taught came on along the whole way of the student's going.

That brain-hungry, red-headed, mis-named, moneyless, motherless Manx lad who found his eager place in a college, brought no complaint of scant equipment and of no architectural inspiration offered him then. He was so mind-hungry he simply devoured every opportunity to learn with eagerness and thanked God profoundly for the chance which

was his. In after years when he wore easily a long line of degrees from many colleges, his appreciation clung round his simple college days, and he carried his affection for Baker University in a growing gratitude down to his dying hour. Not long before he died, a representative of one of the larger universities of America came to request him to present to that school the very valuable collection of Bibles he had gathered across his whole life. The argument was offered that such a collection should be in a large college for the increased service it might there render. The simple yet expressive answer the solicitor received was, "You must not forget that Baker University is the only college I ever really attended."

He brought an impressible personality to school, and the impressions made were blended in an affection that not only took root, but which grew to bloom across all his years, and kept his whole life a continuous chapter of that school's history, and buried his body at last near the campus, to be a shrine of genuine affection across all the coming years.

His appreciation of the fine arts and of literature and the classics seemed from every natural expression of him to have been innate

in his character. Language came naturally to him. There was a strange fascination in words that appealed to him in an irresistible manner, and he loved to marshal them like countless soldiers. He studied words. He had affection for their rhythmic value. He found increased meaning in them by a strange inflection. He knew where to place them in sentences to bring out their values. The dictionary was one of his most prized textbooks.

In his college literary society he was soon found to be a prize when there was keen rivalry between the societies on oratorical and essay contests. His unusual oratory caught quick attention. His insatiable appetite for reading was reflected in his ease of speech. He won the prizes, and when he became the college representative in the State oratorical contest the unusual brilliance of his oration on John Milton so startled one of the judges that he gave him last place, not because he had a poor speech, but because, as the judge defended himself by saying, he was "sure no college student could ever have written such an oration as that and it must be plagiarism on general principles." The low grade of that unfair judge caused him to just lose the contest, but it set the song of that fine and distinct individ-

uality in oratory singing on its way to a unique recognition. Instead of plagiarism in his work there was such unique individuality, in matter and manner, that the distinct difference impressed itself upon all who heard, and soon won an enthusiastic admiration. His very inflection of words and the peculiar drawn-out intonation with which he would find opportunity in the very structure of the studied words used, made impress so strong upon his hearers that in a very little while we were blessed with a whole covey of little Quayles in oratory. Young men who aspired to platform power imagined they too could find it in the natural peculiarity which lost all its impress as soon as it became a studied accomplishment. The weird fascination in the peculiar oratory of this young college man was so different from that of any other speaker it came as a spell over his hearers. At first it would seem to be so strange that it would sound artificial. Then it became so unusual that it fascinated. He was brave enough to be peculiar. Rules could not control him. He had a way of his own. It was that unfettered individuality which gave him his power.

There was a strange tirelessness about him that broke all rules of rest. His reading was

done in an abandon of effort which would not admit of a very great amount of sleep. To the very last of his life he could seem to be refreshed with the least sleep of any man I have ever known. Someone asked him one day, well toward the close of his college life, if he was still sitting up half the night to study. He answered, "No; I go to bed at nine o'clock now so I can get up at one." He was a worker. Genius always works. Or, better might we say, hard work has oft been misnamed genius.

He graduated from Baker University in the class of Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-Five. Classes were not large in those days, even in the oldest college in Kansas. There were six members of that class, and their close acquaintance and friendship made a more sacred bond among them than any secret fraternity could ever have. Difficult days in finding our way through college, together with a small group who are closely familiar with every step of the same difficulty, form a companionship and a true affection that cannot be known in the larger school and in the easier way so many can now go. Maybe the reduction of difficulty in the way of a college education has cost more in some other lines than has yet been estimated.

The class of six to receive diplomas in Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-Five was composed of William Wright Armstrong, George Denison Knipe, Albert M. Lumpkin, Rosella De Motte Mitchem, William Alfred Quayle, Charles Rutherford Robinson. The motto which was hung before them, by whose choice I do not know, was *"Certum Pete Finem"* (Seek a definite end).

The program of graduation then was furnished by those who graduated. The last oration delivered that day was entitled "The Soul's Highest Form of Utterance," and was delivered by William Alfred Quayle. He had entered college with the name "William Gill." He graduated in his own right. His name was changed in his earlier college days and announced in a letter to a friend. I have the account of that friend, who declares the letter was written with an ink made from the juice of poke-berries. He used that ink all that season, he declared, because it was cheap. In his letter of announcement he said, "I have changed my name. It is no longer the part of a fish we throw away, but that of a bird we all love, and is spelled Quayle."

CHAPTER V

UPWARD

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong.
—"To a Skylark," *William Wordsworth.*

COMMENCEMENT day at Baker University in the year Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-Five knew no more joy-filled soul than that of the quaint little staid father, who, not having enthused at the first suggestions of a career in school for his motherless son, had nevertheless watched the convincing growth of him with an ever-attendant admiration, and at its completion had become an unrestrained enthusiast. He gave his son a pony. That humble but sincere present made a sudden disclosure of one of the deep secrets of the young man's life. A secret that had waited by compulsion for its exposure. He sold the pony at once and spent all the money it brought in an eager voyage to Colorado in search for the secret place where the body of his beloved mother had been laid. There is an

eloquent pathos in that heart-hungry journey that sheds a soft, yet a most revealing light across the whole of his career. His was a life where the sunshine of his natural gladness played forever across the shadow of his sorrows. This fine pathos, stroked by the bright colors of his fadeless faith, caught its kindlings at his very cradle, and was aglow in his soul when we saw him last as he was setting eternal sail. The loss of his mother before he ever came to know her; before he could remember the sound of the music in her voice; before he could remember the look of her face, was a loss he could never recover, and it haunted his whole life.

About the most impressive thing to me, in all the impressive story of the foremost American, clings round the loss of his mother. When Abraham Lincoln was a lad of nine years, and just when he needed the touch of the only evidence of helpful influence about him, his mother died, and they carried in lonely sorrow the beloved body, in a rough box made of hand-hewn slabs made from a tree they felled in the wild forest place, and buried it in a lonely isolation. The story of America's greatest life standing tear-stained there, day after day, as he returned to the sacred spot in heavy burden

of his loss, is a chapter in human impress of classic impressiveness. But when I follow the determination of this young college man, who would spend his first available money to begin a search for a grave, whose place is known to this day only to God; a search that in tireless affection would continue to his very last days on earth, I am sure I have found a trail which leads unerringly into the innermost chambers of his always fascinating soul. The lure of this search never left him. I have heard him pray often, and those who knew him best will have caught the word as natural expression, and those who have read his books in appreciation of their self-expression will have caught the line often, "Oh, God, help me to keep my lips clean, that when I greet her first at the gates I may greet her with clean lips."

One of the most beautifully lifting prayers he ever offered and which has been caught partially in type (of course prayer cannot be typed), has refreshed me time and time again as I have gone through the familiar pages of his little volume, *The Throne of Grace,* just to get communion with his yearning soul:

Father in heaven, I bless thee I am headed for home. Not going away from home, but toward home, sweet home. My father is dead, my mother

is dead. I yearn to see them, to touch their lips with mine, and I am headed toward home.

They are not here where the north wind blows, but there, where for aye the south winds blow, bringing violets. They have their home in heaven with thee. They had no stable habitation here, but both of them heard Christ say, "I go to prepare a place for you," and they trudged up and onward to be at home with God. There they stay without a care, and feel at home because they are in their Father's house.

They dwell with God, and I their son, and thy son, am coming home. Keep me clean and white as summer clouds what time I trudge homeward, so that at evening when I come to the door and am greeted with a welcome smile of mother and father, my lips may be clean for my mother's kiss, and my heart may be cleansed for my heavenly Father's inspection, and may he bid me a smiling welcome home in Christ. Amen.

The trail of his motherlessness runs through his whole life. It was along this blaze of deepest affection that we who came to know him most intimately could always find way into the recesses of his heart. There was still the ever-present consciousness in such moments that we were not with him, but were rather mere eaves-droppers of his soul. He walked alone then. He sought his mother, but he was expressing himself. That early endeavor of the

motherless college graduate was introductory to the constant march of the man, the preacher, the professor, the scholar, the Bishop, who never wearied of the search, and would walk for hours and days along the slopes of mountains, wondering and watching. He inquired of passers-by, or of herdsmen who knew the hills, if they knew of, or had ever heard of, a lonely grave thereabout. He walked eagerly among the strewn rocks, turning them to examine if on any he might find some mark to testify that it might have been upon some grave. Hoping ever that even so frail a comfort might be given him, he turned in vain the rocks he could reach, and had at last to go on out, and away, in the expectation of the gates.

A pony's worth will not finance even the economical expedition of a young man who has been born to and reared in straitest economy, for but a short period, and the denied searcher was soon back without money or information sought. He, however, had exposed to others the long-cherished yearning of his heart, and given the open light in which to grow, it was to become a powerful influence in shaping his whole career. He found a place on the teaching staff of his college, and for the year next after graduation he was an assistant

professor of ancient languages, a position he held while his native passion for preaching was making ready its appearance.

In those days the humble custom of a village reporter for a small-town weekly newspaper unconsciously began to blaze out a trail toward new experiences. "W. A. Quayle was a passenger to Vineland on the afternoon train Tuesday." Had that been a final personal, it would easily have been forgotten. It became so regular, the day was left off, and I am sure the type was not reset from issue to issue. Allow me to print here exactly as it appears in the paper of the date of January 30, 1886, the completion of that persistent personal note:

The wedding of Prof. W. A. Quayle and Mrs. A. H. Robbins occurred January 28, at Vineland, the home of the bride's parents. The wedding was private, only a few of their most intimate friends being present. At one thirty P. M. the couple appeared. We are sorry that we cannot tell how they were dressed, but we forgot to notice. We will say that the bride looked sweet and charming, having an expression of trust and confidence that cannot be described. The Professor was natural, except a little nervous. His look and manner betrayed a love that is not short-lived and transient, the fascination of an hour, but as deep and real as life, as eternal as

a soul. Prof. W. I. Graham officiated. The ceremony was brief, and the closing benediction was beautiful, touching, inspiring, a model. The wedding was quiet and homelike, no ostentatious display, a union of souls. After the ceremony we were invited to a table covered with the luxuries of life, and our compliments were given in a way very appreciative to ourselves as well as Doctor and Mrs. Davis, the parents of the bride, who were as gay as the youngest.

After dinner we spent a few social hours. The presents were nice and of the most appreciative kind. On the afternoon train the happy pair left for a short tour and we all departed for our homes. The wedding was just what we would have expected Prof. Quayle's to be. It was superbly enjoyed by all. Such a day is a gem, shedding its luster on the rugged pathway of life, a day the memory of which will be like that of a pleasant dream. May the two who were on that day made one live in each other's companionship for many years. May our kind Heavenly Father watch over and tenderly care for them until He calls them to the world where happiness is supreme and eternal.

A Friend.

Let that simple account of the inauguration of the Quayle household be the open window through which our affection can peer to see all those fine affections which characterized the home life of those who lived in complete happiness there. We will not dare endeavor to write

Adjunct Professor of Ancient Languages, 1885-86

in words for print the ways of love that led out from that simple Vineland ceremony across the years of itinerant tent-pitching, to the last earthly port of Dream Haven from whence wafted on a quiet sea toward heaven he calmly sailed.

The first time his wife ever saw him is to her a fadeless memory. She had but lately returned to Baldwin through a sorrow-draped way. In the old stone church she had agreed to take her place in the choir, and was sitting in the choir-loft listening to a sermon preached by her father, Dr. Werter R. Davis, the first president of Baker University. The sermon was an appeal for the support of the benevolent work of the church, and carried a challenge of the opportunity as an investment with God for his business. A young, plainly dressed student was seated on the coal-box near the stove in the back of the room, no other seat being available. When the subscriptions were called for that young man assumed one hundred dollars. It so impressed the young woman in the choir she felt he had been led into a subscription by an enthusiasm that could not finance itself. She took her father to task on the way home for the acceptance of such a large amount from a college boy. She said

he has no means and no way to pay it. Doctor Davis answered her in the calmness of his own observation, for the young man's ability was not unknown even then: "Oh, don't worry over him. He has brains. He will pay it."

And he did. But from that day till he died he was under a constant debt to his subscriptions. He died, however, all paid up.

His determination to enter the regular ministry drew him away from his college chair temporarily, and he accepted from the Kansas Conference his first regular pastorate, at Osage City, Kansas. The brilliance of his utterances and the individuality of his interpretations made his presence in the town an immediate attraction. His pastorate, however, was so short, because of the insistence of the college for his return, that we can scarce date the real beginning of his ministry in the regular work from this first charge. It is, however, of interest to know that the last sermon he ever preached was delivered from the same church.

I have a quaint little clipping, yellowed by the years, which someone sent me, having been cut from their local paper at the time, in account of the return of the Quayles to their college task. Knowing them as I do, I would

greatly joy to have this same story written in their own words. This is a local newspaper classic of the close of the first pastorate of William Alfred Quayle.

The "sinners" of Osage City, irrespective of rank or station, chipped in and made Bro. Quayle a present of a complete outfit, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. An elegant Prince Albert suit, made by the Two Bens, that fits like a top; a slick hat, and a pair of "solid leather" shoes, constituted the rigging.

Not to be outdone by their rugged brothers, the ladies chipped in out of their pin money, and presented Mrs. Quayle with a bag of silver amounting to dollars and dollars. Bro. Quayle looks awful sweet in his new clothes, and he feels very proud of this token of friendship, and very grateful to his friends who have chosen to express themselves in this substantial and practicable manner. Mrs. Quayle's good looks could not be improved, the women knew that, so they gave her the lucre, and told her to do as she pleased with it. Of course, they are both happy, but after all, those who contributed to the timely and well-deserved presents are a great deal happier. It would be hardly fair not to say that Bro. R. L. Beaty was the originator of the part of this pretty scheme which fits Bro. Quayle so neatly, and is entitled to head the procession.

I cannot think how that quaint bit of pastoral introduction could be improved upon,

save by illustration. I only wish they might have taken a picture of that fine, young wind-blown shock of Kansas-reared hair tucked neatly under a "slick hat." There is no article of dress yet brought forward, or ever proposed for the human frame, that seems more ill-chosen for him than a silk hat. I remember so well how Conductor Plunkett, the long-time familiar master of the little shuttle train that shuttled back and forth from Lawrence to Ottawa, and who knew personally everyone who lived within the range of travel there, I remember how he used to love to tell of a day when the quaint figure of the much-loved preacher-president of the college came into the train all arrayed in a shining silk hat. The conductor refused to take a ticket from the stranger until he had called in the train crew to sit on the hat. No one enjoyed the joke more than did the quite uncomfortable owner of the hat, and he always thereafter wore a soft pliable sort of a hat, for, as he used to say, "It is better for sitting purposes."

He was back in the halls of Baker University again, this time called to occupy the chair of Greek Language and Literature, which he graced with a rare classical scholarship and the natural sense of a teacher. I have sat

under the instruction of a good many talented teachers, but I have always believed the natural ability to teach was wrought into the very personality of this preacher-teacher. His classes never were enmeshed in a lesson so dull as to avoid a peculiar interest he was ever able to impart. He could make the monotony of sing-song conjugation interesting. He could throw the illumination of brilliant stories from history and literature across the dreariest bits of stumbling translations that would make every class a delight. I have always believed had he confined his life to the classroom he would have written genius all across its story and left a new name aglow there. Even after he assumed the office of president of the university, he clung to the fascinating privilege offered in the classroom. To me, across all the years of my life, the classes in logic and psychology and æsthetics, I was privileged with him, will remain as among my choicest hours.

Three years in the chair of Greek, during which period he was ranked as vice-president of the school, brought him naturally to the door of the presidency, which was opened by the resignation of Dr. H. A. Gobin, who desired to return to his old college and take up the work as dean in DePauw. The Board of

Trustees with great deliberation and after careful weighing of the liability attendant upon the youth of the young Greek professor, not yet thirty years of age, called him to the office of president and assured him of their confidence in his qualifications for the task.

He was inducted into his office by a service of inauguration on the evening of the eleventh day of September, 1890. The occasion was made one of unusual impressiveness, because the university had dared call one of its own sons, in his youth, to the responsibility of guidance. So intimately had his life been connected with the life of the school for the whole formative period of his intellectual development, that he already seemed as closely woven into it as he could be. Yet the local paper worded the peculiar pride the occasion held for them in these words:

> The inauguration of Professor Quayle is the opening of a new chapter in the history of Baker University. The youngest college president in the world, he is nevertheless the man for the place, and has already proven that the confidence of the trustees was not misplaced. He is a living demonstration of the fact that the West has become educationally and intellectually self-supporting.

The brilliant platform speaker and most

President William A. Quayle, Baker University, 1893

versatile personality was in constant demand throughout the whole contributive territory of the school, and his winning way with youth soon pushed back the horizon of the school's attraction for larger influence. Youth sat eagerly at his feet. What he had done carried the eloquent persuasion of hopefulness into many another poor and handicapped young life. No one could long hide behind a handicap of poverty as an excuse for a lack of education when he came about. No one could find excuse in lack of opportunity. No one could build a defense for failure out of the frail straw of heredity. Here went blazing before the youth of the West the irresistible argument of the availability of success. He went battling his way against the laws of eugenics from his very birth and seemed ever delighted to know that general laws which may be deduced from the actions of the submissive many cannot be made to hold against the particular few. One of the speeches he most delighted to make, and I have always believed was his favorite speech, because it was born out of his personal experience, he titled "Heredity, Environment, And the Man Himself."

One day during his term as president, the students in one of their prank plays asked for

a brief account of the lives of the faculty that they might be published as Faculty Autobiographies. The president's response was as follows:

It was my singular fortune to be born in Missouri, but being anti-slavery in sentiment, and animated with the laudable desire of "going West and growing up with the country," in 1860, at the tender age of thirty days, an accommodating Providence permitted me to emigrate to Kansas, in which commonwealth I have, according to previous arrangements, grown up.

During the later part of the war I was at Fort Leavenworth, where in common with many other patriotic citizens, "I fought, bled, and died" for my country. At the close of the war I returned to private life, and engaged in the lucrative and æsthetic occupation of hoeing corn and digging potatoes. This continued to be my business till I entered college. In 1885 Baker University allowed me to graduate. I have served my Alma Mater in the various capacities of tutor, adjunct professor, professor of Greek, and president.

My portrait is to be found in Audubon's *Collection of American Birds*, and is said to be an excellent likeness.

My friends have often taken occasion to remark that in point of veracity I greatly resemble the esteemed "Father of his Country." This I consider creditable to both of us. I mention this fact from the twofold reason, that in these degenerate

times truthfulness is a rare virtue, and that it is the paramount virtue of the author of these memoirs.

I have never held an office, and am apparently not equal to the emergency of writing spring poetry. From present indications I am destined to add another name to the already extended list of "mute, inglorious Miltons," or "Cromwells, guiltless of their country's blood." With which melancholy reflection I conclude.

W. A. Quayle.

There is real significance in the comment of their local paper upon the fact of the West's discovery of itself intellectually, in the elevation of one of its own educational products to its own recognized leadership. In these days of widespread educational advantages we scarce remember, across the short span of less than half a century, when the educational expectations of our country had not yet reached the great valley of the Mississippi. Trained men must come from the East. There was commendable courage in the Board of Trustees that dared risk a new venture and selected a youth born, reared and schooled on Western prairies, to find his leadership saturated with the best literary affections, colored with all the fairest hues of world art, and companioning constantly with the best ideals the educational story had lifted. In the following chapter

appears the brilliant address of the youngest college president in America at that time, a sample well worth permanent preservation and reflecting clearly that early grasp of language and flashing figure of speech which ripened across the years into a characteristic literature.

CHAPTER VI

HIGHER

With clouds and sky about thee ringing
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind.
—"To a Skylark," *William Wordsworth.*

THE first oration which attracted attention to his literary ability and witnessed to his familiarity with the finer classics was one with which he narrowly lost the state oratorical contest as the student representative from Baker University. It was titled "John Milton." The grasp of the interpretation was so strong and the phraseology so compelling that one of the judges, as already stated, gave him last place because he was sure it must have been taken from some literature, though he knew not whence. He declared, however, that no student could write such an oration, and therefore he was given last place among all the speakers. Had that one judge given him even a fair mark he would have won the contest. That brilliant oration grew into one of his earlier lectures which he titled "John Milton, the Poet's Poet," which title and com-

pliment he later bestowed in speech and in titling essay to his first book upon Robert Browning.

His literary familiarity covered all the range of the classics, and his reading ability was so great that he soon, by a rare accompanying memory, saturated every address with the finest phrases of the masters.

Because it is a good sample of his earlier way of address, and because it should be preserved for the comparisons of his growing manner of oratory, I place here the full text of his inaugural address. It followed a characteristic address delivered by an honored and aged educator, ex-Chancellor James Marvin, D.D., LL.D., who spoke to the theme, "A Man, Not a Machine."

Into the suppressed expectation of a large audience, the young man, the youngest college president in America, stepped and launched with flaming fervor and contagious eloquence into his well-chosen theme, "The Debt of the Intellect to Jesus." The speech in full is herewith printed:

The Debt of the Intellect to Jesus

Life is no jargon, but a noble and mellifluous speech. Life is not discord, but subtle and

delicious music. Life is not chaos, but cosmos. Life is always harmony if comprehended; is always noble if actually lived. But we must distinguish between phases of living. Two alternatives lie before us—every one—to exist or to live. This is no factitious distinction, but is real and apparent. Levels so far apart as that on which the swineherd dwells, and that where the philosopher abides, must be in different realms. One exists, the other lives. To exist or live must be of individual choosing. Man is here the arbiter of his own destiny.

God gives existence to all. He gives life only to those who choose it. The ox exists, the poet lives. The ox knows not that life is. Problemless existence is his heritage, his environment. He is shut in of fate, and cannot live. He but exists and dies. The brute cannot touch life's borders—cannot wade out into the surges of life's pulseful sea. No man blames the brute because it is not more. Its state was inevitable. But man is not so shut in. He is born for life. He has no right to let his taper pale to darkness. So men as certainly exist as does the ox. With high and far horizons, they do not choose to see them. Having eyes, man does not see. If constellations blaze above his head, what is that to him if he does

not lift his eyes? Though God reveal himself a hundred ways, what profits that the man who will not note the glory of the Divine Presence? Men may be as far from each other as if they were in different spheres, aye, in different constellations. Aldebaran and Orion are not farther removed each from each than is man from man. One dwells on low, malarial levels —on spiritual lowlands. Another builds his home on peaks that smite the zenith. The lowland dweller exists; but he who seizes the mountain summit for a place whereon to pitch his tent—he lives. Man was destined for the mountain summit; and except he contravene his own high destiny, there he will dwell. He was meant for that majestic phase of existence which God names "life"; and this heritage he will possess except he be his own disinheritor.

There is high meaning in Walter Savage Landor's verse,

"I warmed both hands before the fire of life."

Life is to be utilized, and in this utilization lies its glory.

Man is not to go sidling through the earth as if he were an interloper. He belongs here; and his highest success consists in draining the cup of his existence to the dregs. Tennyson voices this thought when he makes Ulysses say,

"I will drink life to the lees!" The question should not be, how little may I get from life, but how largely may I become its debtor. Life's fire is of God's kindling; and at it we are in high honor bound to warm hands and brain and heart.

Each man needs to feel that every flower blooms for him, and every mountain towers for him, and every sea sweeps and thunders for him, and every noble soul hath wrought for him. These are all his by right divine. He is not simply "the heir of all the ages," but he is heir of all the universe. Not to have laid all nature under tribute for your spiritual uplift is not to have, in a true or large sense, lived. To have failed here is to have robbed one's self, is to have beggared one's own existence.

All nature's holy voices call us to enter into life. The speech of cliff and star and westward glory fading into night, is one. All call us to take our larger inheritance. Preacher and poet and philosopher call us into life. Each new opportunity is a trumpet voice calling us upward; and by such opportunities are we begirt.

Walt Whitman says, "Man is a summons and a challenge." This is true of all things that are. Every phase of existence is as a sum-

mons, a challenge to thought and investigation. Every flower summons man to stand, and challenges him: "How came I? Whence my beauty?" Every mountain challenges, "Climb to my summit." Every sea, with its many moaning voices, with its billows, wine-colored and emerald and azure, with its laughing silver plashing at your feet, and its sweep of waters with their hint of infinitudes—every such sea is a challenge, "Come sail on my bosom, come wrestle with my billows!" Let a Columbus hear the challenge, and he will answer it; and the mighty ocean will have a mightier man sailing upon its vastness.

God's earth is a thorn in the side of sluggish self. The lakelet on the summit of the hills says, "Paint like this"; and the apotheosis of day on the western altars says, "Create glory like unto this"; and the majestic silence of the midnight says, "Create sublime silences like mine." Then man takes up the gauntlet which nature has thrown down; man answers the challenge; and the earth's art is the outcome. Meanwhile, though man knew it not, Nature hath been calling him upward, upward into life.

Art is nothing except in so far as it helps me to live. History and philosophy were noth-

ing except as they gave me a nobler outlook upon life. Poetry had held a broken harp within her hands, but that she gave me to feel there was beauty and nobility in living. Theology would be a beauteous bubble, vanishing the while I looked, but that it had led me to the life eternal. In the noblest lines that welled from her heart, George Eliot thus defines heaven:

"Oh, may I live in pulses stirred to generosity.
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence lead men's search to
vaster issues!"

This, with every noble circumstance that falls within the circumference of being, I call LIFE; and to this heritage divine God calls us.

The difference between existence and life, then, is a difference in room. Life is enlargement; so that the problem confronting every man is, How may I enlarge my borders? How may I grow out of the little into the great? How may I attain unto enlargement? But ideas have expansive power. They make room for themselves. They are the caloric of the

soul. Place heat in a steam chest and it rushes onward. It seeks enlargement. It smites the piston rod and drives it to and fro like a shuttle. The thunder of the engine as it rushes over the mountain summits, and the careening of the steamer through the rolling azure of the broad Atlantic, are only the exhibits of the efforts of heat to make room for itself.

This quality of heat which we name its expansive power is that which lies at the very heart of the leviathæ of modern commerce. It is the reliance upon this characteristic which builds the steamer, the locomotive, the factory. Heat expands. It is as restless as the stars. Never was caged eagle half so eager to be free from the narrow house in which it found itself a prisoner as is heat to be free from its enthralling limitations. It is an Ishmaelite that asks a wilderness of room. It wants freedom. It staggers to and fro like a wounded giant and seeks outlet.

Great ideas are the heat of the soul. The law under which they operate is that of expansion. They, like heat, want room. Let them once enter the soul and it will never be what it once was. They hate narrowness. Bring a man into contact with great ideas and he

somehow seems cramped for room. To himself he seems to be living in a prison when he should be in a kingdom. He can scarce breathe till he gets into larger quarters. The valley with its shadows is insupportable. He seems half suffocated and longs for the mountain height and its invigorating atmosphere. The all-important characteristic of a great idea is its capacity for the enlargement of the human soul. That is its mission. God has commissioned it. To make men weary of the present, to cause them to yearn with unspeakable desire for the future, to break bonds that fetter, to loose men and let them go, to breathe into the nostrils the breath of a new life, to stand at a soul sepulchre and cry, "Awake!" to kindle aspirations that cannot die—this is the mission of a sublime conception. And this is its unvarying effect. By a law as absolute and exact as that which gathers the constellations in its hand, it operates on every life to which it comes. It comes and goes; but the man to whom it came, and he from whom it departed, are not the same. It came, saw, and, in a sense, conquered. It came, entered, enlarged. It entered to expand the man's life from the narrow dimensions of a hovel to the noble proportions of a palace, roomy and vast as a

Cæsar's habitation. It will not always do its utmost. This will depend on him to whom it comes. But there is this certainty. It will never leave a soul as narrow as before its admission. The entertainment of an idea is proof positive of enlargement. This is a law invariable as destiny.

I had always known the sea was vast. I had no conception that the Atlantic was a pond where fisher lads ply their tiny trade, nor yet that it was a lake that glasses the beauty of the hills. I knew it was a huge thing, "whose sleep was like a giant's slumber, loud and deep," and whose wakening was terrible as a Titan's wrath. The word "sea" always fascinated me like the touch of an invisible hand. I was transported by it into a realm I cannot name, which hath no metes or bounds. But with conceptions such as these which must be allowed to possess a flavoring of the truth, I set sail from the harbor. I left Liberty statue with its uplifted torch behind me. I saw the spires vanish in the distance. The very shore grew dim and indistinct. The swell of the ocean smote up against the vessel's keel. The pilot left us. The sails grew fewer. The throb of the engine told a prisoner Cyclops underneath was laboring for us and a blind Samson

was grinding at our mill. The day waned. Behind, the sea gull's wheeling flight. Ahead, the swell of seas and bend of sky to touch the upward-reaching flood.

"The day dies slowly in the western sky,
The sunset splendor fades."

Behind us is no land. America has sunk like some fabled continent out of sight. The stars are trimming their lamps for midnight burning. Naught but sea and sky. "The deep moans round with many voices." And I said as I gazed upon the waste where fleets had sailed and sunk,

"There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea,"

and the words seemed set on fire. I could read them blazing afar against the sky. "The wideness of the sea!" I knew that in a new sense now. The sea's barriers seemed moved backward by hands potential yet invisible. The greatness of the ocean was entering my soul. A great idea was wedging its way into my mind. So we sailed on from sunset, through the darkness and dash and moan of seas into the dawn. All night the engine made the ship a tremble. All day we headed eastward, still

no land. Sky, sea—sea, sky. Sea gulls left astern. Storm petrel flinging itself into the billows. Another night. The stars come again. The voice of the night time fills the soul, and again the words,

> "There's a wideness in God's mercy
> Like the wideness of the sea,"

come marching through my mind like a troop of gigantic forms; and the breadth of the ocean seemed a distance I could not measure. The vastness appalled me—made me dumb. My soul expanded. The idea was transfiguring my thought. It was enlarging my life. The sea was lifting me into a conception of God, and the conception of God was glorifying the sea. So we sailed on. Three days gone, no shore. Four days ended and no low-lying coast. A horizon of seas no more. Five days, six days; the vastness grew. Our sailing seemed a shoreless venture. Seven days, eight days. Sunset, star rise, sea's surge and no shore. The engine has not ceased its panting for a moment. The ship has not delayed, but, rather, has been "rejoicing like a strong man to run a race," and yet no shore; and the words, "Like the wideness of the sea," overmaster me. I find myself saying, "wideness, wideness of

the sea." I am clambering into realms of soul sunrise. My thought is girding itself for high endeavor. I linger on the word "wideness" as a mother lingers on the name of her dear, departed child. I linger upon it, and can but worship Him whose love is wide as the vast ocean, or the sweep of an infinite sea. I can never forget the exhilaration of thought. I can never be as small as I once was. It was worth our while to dwell on this thought because such is the effect of every noble idea that enters the soul. Its mission is to amplify. The word which embraces it all is "expansion."

Keats, in his own inimitable way, has told his experience in coming face to face with a great thought.

> "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
> When a new planet swims into his ken;
> Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

The elevation of soul which must characterize the man who has beheld some great new truth, is inconceivable. I have attempted to imagine what emotions Newton experienced when he grasped that colossal conception of

gravitation. When he beheld the physical universe held as in some giant's hold by this power which seemed veritable omnipotency. When he beheld the solar system, aye, and every system, every wandering star, every swift-winged comet, every meteoric cloud, all far-off, dim nebulæ, these all holden by a power invisible, yet potential as Deity. I have attempted to realize his emotions but have always failed. It lies beyond our power. We may form some imperfect notion, but an adequate conception, never. Yet this is certain. That experience must have been rapture; and is it conceivable that Newton, after such vision, could be as he once was? Could his existence be as commonplace and his life as narrow as before he had entertained this unique and majestic idea? I hold it to be self-evident that ever thereafter he was in a high sense a new intellectual creature. To others he seemed his old self; but he was conscious that he had been translated into a new world. Ideas thrust men out into broad places and make life a verity. These constitute our supreme intellectual need.

Notions are many; ideas are few. The name of our fancies is legion; while the ideas which have seated themselves in the mind may too often be numbered on the digits of a single

palm. We are as children who play with pebbles. Tiny matters absorb our attention. Subordinate affairs crowd to the front. Inferiors usurp the place of the great superiors, and take the chief seats in our intellectual synagogues. This view of the case, while not flattering, is just. We need to be upborne. Elevation is a prime necessity; and it is pertinent to inquire with utmost solicitude, whence may be derived these "thoughts that wander through eternity," that transform and glorify the soul, that enlarge the man till he bear such a faint semblance to his former self as the man full grown bears to the babe in arms? Let us address ourselves to answering this question.

God's provision for every need is ample. Wherever there is a God-implanted hunger there is also a satisfying portion. Man may be niggardly in his giving, but God never is. He gives with a generosity which seems the prodigality of some spendthrift Deity. The limitation of his benefaction is as the gift of his spirit; and he giveth his spirit not by measure. My life needs thought. Except that hunger be satisfied, the life must perish; and death shall snuff out the light of vitality and leave but darkness. But God's creations are not in

vain. He doth not make to mar. He has sown thought through his creation with an unsparing hand. Easier shall the astronomer count the figures that march in the marshaled host of midnight than man shall number God's thoughts. The thoughts of an infinite God are infinite in number. "I think God's thoughts," shouted the enraptured astronomer. This is what every thinker does. Who thinks greatly must think God's thoughts; for all such are his. Of these we may say, "God is the maker of them all." Even as "every good and every perfect gift" comes from him, so every exalted idea that charms the soul into music comes from him. He is the source where infinite fullness dwells.

While nature is God's thought, the Bible is the interpreter of nature, and reaches out of the physical into the spiritual; that is, out of Nature into Grace. Christ is the one word that embraces all that is; for "of him and through him and to him" are all things. Christ is the explanation of physical phenomena, as he is the explanation of spiritual forces. The world has long since accorded to Jesus a place among and above great moral teachers. Even Rationalism does not deny this, but, rather, asserts it with marked emphasis. True it is

that Jesus is the iconoclast in the realm of morals. He turned things upside down. He smote wrong systems to the dust. With his scourge of cords he drove even licensed sin from his presence. He has put such a moral force into operation that, viewed only from a human standpoint, he seems destined to subdue men and dominate the earth. But while this is true, while Jesus is the moral power to which the race must some time pay its homage, while spiritual renovation is his chiefest mission, is it not true that he is the world's greatest intellectual benefactor? Has he had an equal? Is he not the author of ideas such as have no peer in all the realm of thought? Is he not in the forefront of all that goodly company of noble spirits who have given us such mental incentives as the soul needs to lift to its true destiny? I would magnify Christ as "God manifest in the flesh" for the redemption of man and the complete regeneration of his nature, but I would also magnify him as being in himself and in his ideas the greatest stimulator to thought the world has been privileged to know. The ideas he gave, look at them! How great they are! God, moral responsibility, man's ability to know divinity, immortality, man's divine origin, providence,

moral gravitation, heart regeneration, God the creator and sustainer of all existence and life, human brotherhood, and last, himself incarnate God—these, and more, which, if they should be named, a man would seem to be calling the roll of the greatest ideas the centuries have known. Contact with such thought is soul elevation. It is an education in itself. It constituted the training of the apostolic college; and no man can enter into fellowship with the ideas of Christ without becoming a man of intellectual vigor. Daniel Webster declared that the greatest thought he had ever entertained was that of personal responsibility to God. Bring a man face to face with that thought for the first time, and it would blind him with the blaze of its glory. The Scotch are the most devout of peoples. They are also the keenest thinkers. The Puritans received both their republicanism and their loftiness of thought and morals from the Bible. The early Methodist preachers were men whose intellectual prowess was approved. They were second to none of their time. They challenged the attention of their contemporaries and commanded the respect of thinkers. That mental vigor was acquired by standing under the glory of the God-thoughts as expressed by Jesus.

He who has wrestled with the ideas that Jesus gave is as one who hath fought with gods. His thews become as those of the Anakim. Christ is an intellectual force. Christianity is an intellectual regeneration. Christian education is Christ in education. And certainly if modern civilization is the outgrowth of Christian thought, if the manhood of the nineteenth century is the product of Christian ethics; if the ideas given by God to man have been so stimulative as to rouse the intellect to put on its strength, is it not self-evident that the Christ element is an all-important factor in education? Culture which shall omit Jesus is a misnomer. The need of our age, and the need of every age until time become a memory, is an education of which Christ shall be at once the center and circumference. Here, as always, he should be the all in all, and this not simply from a theological standpoint but also from the point of intellectuality. An incoming Christ should mean outgoing narrowness. A Christian inculcation is preparing the way for great mental achievements.

Institutions devoted to Christian education are not founded in narrowness. Their foundation is exceeding broad. They need no apology, but are their own effectual vindication of

their existence. I do not believe that there has ever been a greater need of such institutions than at this hour. When Christianity is being assailed on every side, when the statement is rife that Christianity is narrowness and agnosticism is breadth; when the youth are beset by infidel sneers, arguments, dogmatic assertions and treatises falsely named scientific—when such is the state of affairs, there seems to be large room for education which shall lay emphasis on the truths which lie at the heart of womanhood?

The common schools are a bulwark of republicanism. They have many points of excellency, and must remain as an essential part of a democratic government. But the common schools are not Christian schools, except in the regard that they only occur in a Christian civilization. They may be Christian, but they may be also anti-Christian. The teacher may read from the Bible or repeat precepts from the Vedas. The schools may be essentially Christian or essentially heathen. The Bible is not in the common schools. There is no required inculcation of Bible morality as such. Under these circumstances, what can prove a more effectual ally of the doctrines of Jesus than schools of higher education in which the Bible

is "the altar which sanctifieth the gift"; and in which Christian history and thought are taught and Christian life and experience are pointed out as necessities of the truest manhood and womanhood?

I would not have the classics nor mathematics taught less. While protesting against every scientific hypothesis being classed as science, I would magnify the office of true science. I would not have Christian educational institutions teach the great intellectual essentials less; but I would have them teach the Bible more. I would magnify the work of all these intellectual agencies; but I would put the Bible beside them. I would give it a prominent place in the curriculum. Its sublime concepts, its exalted ethics, its profound psychology and its vital godliness should be taught and become a part, and a prominent part, of a student's intellectual accoutrement. It is true now as in the long ago, "My people perish for want of knowledge." It would seem to me eminently fitting for Baker University to arrange a course of Bible study in its curriculum, so that each student in the event of his graduation should have a clear conception of the grounds of the Christian faith, and should be "thoroughly furnished" in a knowledge of

the doctrines which Jesus gave and the apostles amplified.

Christian education should be a word of large and noble meaning. It should embrace all the knowledge imparted in any institution, plus a thorough Bible inculcation. I believe this is the need and the demand of the church. I believe that Baker University should be an intellectual force and a spiritual awakener. The youth ought to go from this school with the enlarged views of God which come from the acquaintance with his Word and a study of its doctrines, and best of all, and therefore most to be desired, with a vital Christian experience. The latter God alone can give; but for the former we are accountable to Him whose injunction is, "Learn of me." No reason can be assigned why the broadest scholarship should not be connected with the most profound piety. This is the end of Christian education; and it is an end exalted above all we can adequately conceive.

The conduct of an institution with such an aim is worthy task for a learning, experience and wisdom which I cannot hope to possess. My predecessor brought to this work qualities singularly adapted to its needs; and his administration was a pronounced success. I take his

vacated place with much misgiving and a keen appreciation of the responsibility of the position to which the church has called me. I ask the co-operation of faculty and students and the prayers and sympathy of all friends of the college. By God's help I shall do the best that in me lies. I believe in Baker University and its mission. I rejoice in its history, hope for its future and maintain that it shall continue to do the work of a high-grade educational institution as long as it continues to exist.

Shall we not all hope and pray that a college founded by godly men for the promotion of Christian education, maintained by great sacrifices through days of gloom when only a mighty faith could sight the stars, prospering in these latter years so as to more than justify the hopes entertained by its founders—shall we not, I say, hope and pray that a school with such an aim and history may continue to lead men and women into a higher life, in which scholarship shall be sanctified and glorified by a vital Christian experience?

CHAPTER VII

ARRIVAL

But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures, when life's day is done.

—"To a Skylark," *William Wordsworth.*

IT IS not the purpose of this stumbling narrative to even endeavor to point out the winging way of so untrammeled a soul as was William A. Quayle, by any rigid methods of sequence. We have come thus far confidently along his way, which has been a much compelled way, and easy to mark, for he had not thus far had his wings. It has been the way to the wings we have come. It is easier to trace the ways of arrival of a great soul than it is to keep pace with him once arrived. The best you can do in the pursuit of a really engeniused life, once its genius has found its wings, is to go about watching him go, confounded often at his going and fascinated ever at the always unexpected display of

his individuality. That is the fondest attraction in character to me, its own way of itself.

Never have I known a man so individually individual as was this man, and as is this same man, for I believe profoundly that all the flights of immortality will not unmake, but rather will ever increase the individuality of the individuals there.

The pulpit of the regular pastorate in the church was his prime place of plumage. He never seemed so much at home any otherwhere, and he never soared to such flights of eloquent influence in any other situation as in the pulpit ministry of the pastorate. It challenged all the powers of eloquence and offered a constant reflection for the human contacts which so saturated his absorbent soul as he found a pastoral way among the people he passionately loved. Anything that separated him from the closest friendly contact with men and women and little children did not offer him the freedom of the life he loved to live. He was an untrammeled soul.

Fascinating in the contact with youth, at its most impressionable period, as was the work of a college president, it was not his passion. His administration of the office will ever remain one of the most brilliant periods in all

that college's history, but the lure, which he could not deny, ever stood before him in the regular pastorate, and the eager pulpits which coveted his fascinating eloquence were not lax in their offers.

Just before he died we found out a secret of his life which had been the cherished jewel of his very soul across all his years, and which had never been revealed. It was a talisman of his whole career. He alone watched it, and he never faltered in his following of its lure. Now that we know it, much that we wondered at seems plain. He did not stop to explain much, he only kept the way. He, however, did strangely keep the way. There was an ever sustained enthusiasm in his work we sometimes wondered about. There was an evenness of spirit in his messages, we who knew him most closely marveled that he could sustain. There was an unvarying note in all his music that was never unstrung by storm or shine, by sorrow or sadness, and we did not understand what it was that held him so. Just before he died, and when death, that had grown a bit impatient because long delayed at his last door, when death with almost mockery of his greatest power had actually silenced his tongue and made it cleave to the roof of his mouth, he sat

in his chair with his beloved Bible in his lap, and with pale but persistent finger kept pointing at a carefully segregated clause with such insistent intent that the lacking power of his tongue was supplied with the mute eloquence of his gesture. His finger would not pass beyond the close bounds of the clause, and would thus write the special words in capitalized interest to us all. We found thus the beacon of his life. It will never now lose its luster on the page to me, though never before had I noticed it, for I had never read it otherwise than included in a whole sentence that seems to dull it somewhat. It will never to me again be but a fragment of a verse. It was the power of his persistent preaching. "Allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel," First Thessalonians, second chapter and fourth verse. He had set that intrusting fact deep in his soul as a young lad and never faltered in following it. It glowed before him in dark ways when the lonely hauntings of motherlessness seemed to shut him in. It challenged him to the hardness of endurance when poverty compelled poor fare on his humble table, and he refused to surrender his purpose for an education. It refused to lose its meaning when the success of his scholarship found him a chair as a teacher

of beloved languages. It even drove him from the highest seat the college could offer him, when youth sat at his feet and the college was urging his whole life. It brought him into the regular ministry of the church, and opening there the hearts of the multitude, challenged every power he possessed.

His real pastoral experience began in a prominent pulpit. While his first pastorate was correctly started in a small church, it was of such short duration, being terminated by his school experience, that we are quite within the bounds of accuracy in saying he really began his regular ministry in the pulpit of the Independence Avenue Church in Kansas City, Missouri. It was a great pulpit then, and challenged all his powers. I well remember that pulpit at the time of his work there. It was the first pulpit of commanding size I was ever invited to preach in. Of course such an invitation only came to me because of my insistent friendship with him. I always liked him and wondered at him, and as a youth joyed in everything he said. When I stumbled up the steps into that pulpit it was with a great sense of gratitude I had been told it was summer and but few would be present. I looked sympathetically at the gathered few who had

not been able to get away for vacation, or had failed to remember who was not going to preach, and tried to picture the crowds they had told me always came to hear their preacher. It was a great pulpit and made offer of the very privilege he sought, to deliver the gospel with which he had been intrusted.

I will not endeavor to specifically follow his four great pastorates other than to name them. From Independence Avenue he went to Meridian Street Church, Indianapolis, Indiana; from thence he returned to Kansas City to the pulpit of the Grand Avenue Church; thence to St. James, Chicago. These four great pulpits, with the little charge at Osage City, Kansas, in which he actually preached his last sermon, hold the record of his pastoral work. And the pastoral fact of his ministry is easily one of his most outstanding deliverances. He never had a church so large, nor knew demands so strenuous as to compel him to surrender the direct pastoral supervision of his people. It does not take a long time-consuming visit to make a genuine pastoral call if the pastor is surcharged with enough energy and sense and material to meet the case involved. He could make more really effectual calls in one afternoon than any man I ever knew.

There was no gossip that could detain him, nor any argument that could lure him, nor any worry that could distract him, nor any problem that could baffle him from the purpose of his calling. He was calling for the personal contacts of souls with the gospel. Sunshine flashed into every place he came, a song broke out in every silence he entered. I was speaking recently about my friend in a large church, and at the close of the meeting a man came to the platform and asked if he might have a word with me before I left the building. As he sat waiting for me while I was speaking to others and hearing the constant word of fond personal memories they held of my friend, the pastor of the church whispered in my ear that the man who awaited me there was a prominent physician of the city. I sat beside him as he told me what he said he felt he had a right to tell me, with a bit of detailed care, for it was a constructive fact in his whole life. There was a tense feeling in the simple story which, while a story without any great gripping tragedy in it, nevertheless was wrapped up in the whole career of the physician. He said: "I just want to lay before you as a physician my tribute to the influence of a pastor in pastoral work. When I was a young man I was

As Pastor of Saint James Church, Chicago, 1904

a student in medicine in a city where Doctor Quayle was a pastor. I was a very poor boy and had to find my place of rooming in a situation in keeping with my small purse. I roomed in a cottage home on a back street in the very humble keeping of a little old lady who was a great sufferer with asthma. She was most of her time confined to her bed, and when she could sit up it was only with great suffering. I was not a Christian man. I had never paid any attention to the call of the church. It had never, with anything I had ever seen or heard, made any appeal to me. I had always thought, if I had thought anything about it at all, that the church was engaged in some field of activity that never had and never would cross my path. One day there came with a sudden flash into that home an unusual caller, so far as I knew callers. He had a word of cheer; he had a touch of real tenderness in his hands; he made inquiry of genuine interest, and leaving the note of a real song in the little old lady's soul, he was gone. I inquired who the caller was and was told it was the new pastor. It would all doubtless have soon passed from my memory had it not been soon repeated. This was a humble doorstep for a busy man to cross, I thought. He came again,

this time carrying a grip on his way to catch a train. He stopped in again on his way home. I decided I would like to hear such a man as that preach. The reflection of what I had seen him do put added meaning to what he said. Days and days and days did I see that very busy man run in at that humble door. It was but for a moment—'Hello' and 'Good-by.' He dropped a flower on her pillow. He set a laugh on her lips. He simply dominated that home by the power of a consecrated pastorate."

Then the physician put his hand on my shoulder and, looking into my eyes, said with the thankfulness of his usefulness as a Christian physician in his words, "And I am to-day in the church and trying in my way to serve my Master, because of the pastoral faithfulness of a man who could never be chased away from a humble threshold by any pressure of a great task."

There was no finer view ever to be had of this unique man than in the visitations of his pastoral work. Though to me his priority easily stands in the eloquence of his public deliverances, the great preponderance of the messages that have come to me by mail about him has been in line with his pastoral ministry. Upon a recent visit to the church of his last

pastorate, I was repeatedly told that though there the eloquence of his pulpit effort was burning at its greatest brilliance, it still remains that the clasp of his life upon the community was by his pastoral influence. One beautiful afternoon a company of friends fairly kidnaped him from his work and told him they had decided he needed a good afternoon free from work and must accompany them down the lakeshore to where nature does its very best, where the lovely sands hold the sea, and the sun sinks into evening behind a watered horizon. They made ready their picnic lunch on a beautiful chosen place, but could not find their kidnaped preacher. Finally he came trudging in with an old basket he had found, loaded with wild flowers he had gathered, and sitting down he carefully and selectively bound them all up in lovely little individual bouquets for every one of the long list of shut-ins on his calling roll, every name of which roll he knew, and every address he easily remembered. He said as he named them one after another, that he could not dare to enjoy such a lovely outdoors as was about them in selfish satisfaction, to forget the dear old folks who could not get out of their stuffy little rooms, nor escape the bondage of their disease. The next morning

he was out of his bed and away before six o'clock, and the morning had not run far before every little bouquet had been personally placed in the pale hand for which it was designed, where, mingling with the rich fragrance of the bloom he brought, was that richer fragrance of his tender thoughtfulness, which made of every little flower a loveliness those weary ones could never forget. Such an incident made deep impress into the hearts of those who had sought to take him away from his work, for just a relieving moment, as they said, only by their well-laid plan to learn, that they had found the finest interpretation of his task was not accompanying what they designed as an escape, but transforming even it into the better expression of his controlling passion.

Both a great preacher and a great pastor, he was perfectly placed in the fertile pastorate of a great church in a great city. In no certain place in his whole career did his full power as a minister seem so perfectly to function, as it did in his last great pastorate. He was happy at his task. He was abundant in his services to every phase of a minister's life in a great city. He had a great hearing by a never ebbing crowd of admiring listeners. A great

newspaper kept a stenographer before his pulpit constantly, and lifted before the city's eyes every Monday a complete sermon just as it fell from his lips. Those stenographic reports furnished about as severe a test as can ever be made upon the matter of a preacher's deliverances. They never waned. They never lost interest. They never repeated. They swept the whole gamut of sermonic interest, and never descended to the baiting endeavor of strange titles or dangerous speculation. He preached out of human experience, and adorned every subject he touched with illustrations that ran from literature and history across the immediate day to which he preached and made live to eloquent meaning the homeliest facts of everyday folks.

One of his volumes which has circulated almost entirely among preachers, and which in my way of estimation is among the very richest gifts he has made the whole church, is titled *The Pastor-Preacher*. It should be more generally read by the whole church. I read it and read it—and these days of loneliness I feel for him I read it even more than I used to, for it seems to carry the very spirit of his whole ministry. Indeed, I count this volume about as near to a genuine autobiography as a man

could write who would not admit it was so. It is saturate of him. He was a pastor-preacher. He did as he counseled pastors to do, "made folks know a brother man had come when he invaded any place. A man had come, howbeit a Christ-man."

CHAPTER VIII

PREACHER

A fusillade of melody,
That sprays us from yon trench of sky.[1]

THE art of the preacher is not taught. There is some strange insistent freedom about a preacher who can really preach, that goes its own unhindered way. It may not be well understood. It may not conform to standards, which have largely been deduced from examples of other preachers' ways that have been agreed upon as exemplary preachers, but it goes on in its own impressive way. It does not study for tone; it tones itself. It does not seek to know the art of gesture; it gestures its own way. There is a refreshing feeling of independent expression when you actually find a genuine preacher. You may not at once detect just what the quality is. You may not, in fact, ever satisfactorily trace it out. It is preaching.

There are so many constituent elements in preaching that its lure of differentiation, and

[1]Quotations from "The Lark," by Robert W. Service, are reprinted by permission of Barse & Co., publishers.

all unto effectiveness, is as endless as the haunt of melodies which forever draw new harmonies from the same old scale of tones. The power of the preacher is so frequently missed in its real quality by the overemphasis of some slight peculiarity. A mannerism, a tone, some differentiation, which in itself carries but slight significance, is seized upon by the popular estimate as the element of strength. Younger and eagerly ambitious preachers who desire to attain power in address, easily mistake attendant peculiarities as explanatory of the ability they covet, and go away to copy the very thing which is not to be copied, and to fail in the element wherein the preacher was strong.

William Alfred Quayle was a preacher. He was a preacher from compulsion. His preaching broke out of his soul. It swept along its way with the torrential strength of an overflowing life. It was never run down. The flood was on. I have known him and loved him and wondered at him ever since I was a lad, and his preaching has always been to me easily the pinnacle of all his life. He did many things well. He seemed completely at home in the pulpit. His own estimate of the close of his career was when he could no longer preach. When you stop a preacher preaching

you cannot ease him into some retiring line with any comforts. Well toward the close of his life here one of his dearest friends sat beside him one day at Dream Haven and tried to talk books. Into the conversation he struck this unlooked for estimate: "I guess I am done for now. I will never preach again."

The friend said in an endeavor to shift the emphasis or to offer a new opportunity for expression: "Oh, yes, you will. You can preach more than ever now. Write some of those books you have been desiring to write. You can thus preach your preaching afar."

Then the effort was risked with the old threadbare idea that has been tried so often, "Folks don't die, you know, until they are done in this world with what the Lord has for them to do." There was a twinkle in his eyes as he saw the opening for the clinching of what he had said as the summary of his work before, and he replied: "Well, then, according to your logic, the Lord seems to think they have had enough of my sort of preaching in this world."

He was a preacher at heart. It was his passion. Everything he could call to his service he turned to glow upon his fondest work. All his literary findings, and he was a constant

reader along every literary lane; all his artistic tastes, and nothing in the realm of art escaped his attention; all his nature exploitations, and he never failed to thrill at everything in nature's realm, from a violet to an aurora; all the manifold interests of his life he concentrated upon his prime passion, preaching.

When he had found his preaching place in his first great pulpit in Kansas City, Missouri, his recognition was instantaneous. A preacher is his own advertisement. It seems utterly out of place to advertise a preacher. If a man in the pulpit cannot preach, then you had better engage all the art of the advertiser you can find, or else have a change in the pulpit. If, however, you have a preacher in the pulpit, he is his own announcement.

When the General Conference met in Cleveland in eighteen hundred and ninety-six, Doctor Quayle preached somewhere in the city, and across the years I remember an estimate that was made then by Zion's Herald, of Boston, upon this new "preaching genius." I wrote recently for the article and received it, as appearing in the issue of May 27, 1896:

> The privilege of listening on Sundays to many of the best preachers is highly appreciated by the delegates and visitors. Last Sunday we discovered

one of the great preachers of the younger generation of the church in the person of Rev. Dr. W. A. Quayle, of the Saint Louis delegation. His theme was "The Significance of the Three Inscriptions on the Cross." In scholarly and thoughtful phrase, with brilliant and dramatic utterance, with a series of pictures limned with the most exquisite artistic touch, he presented Jesus Christ as the Saviour of all mankind and as the one master of the intellect, the will, and the sensibilities of man. Doctor Quayle is a "preaching genius," the like of which we have not heard for many a day. A friend says he is thirty-two years of age, is pastor of Independence Avenue Church, in Kansas City, and that he resigned the presidency of Baker University to enter his present pastorate. We venture the suggestion that Boston will have a vacant pulpit to which she would be glad to invite Doctor Quayle.

The estimate of the preacher was true. The Boston prophecy was never fulfilled; however true it might have been that they had been glad to have invited him, I do not know.

Before I endeavor to make any analytical estimate of this "preaching genius," I am going to risk here the only real serious criticism I have ever heard of his preaching, and in doing it I shall tell a story about one of America's greatest preachers, and in my estimate one of the great preachers of all time, a personal friend of mine, and from whose own

lips to me I take this story. It came to me in an intimate conversation we were having about our mutual friend, whom we both loved dearly, and whose career as a minister we were each jealous for.

I felt at the time the criticism was aimed as directly at me as at my friend, and since it was clothed in the personal experience of him who made it, I settled down to the comfort to be found in the fact that we were all three involved, and accepted it as a real constructive observation by a master, on the manner of any preacher in the pulpit. I put it here because I believe it is well worth the contemplation of any preacher who seeks the power of pulpit utterance.

Doctor Frank Gunsaulus was talking with me one day about the distinguished preaching power of Doctor Quayle. Each of us had spoken of the varied elements of his strength that had impressed us and made us admire him. It was just previous to the General Conference at which Doctor Quayle was made a bishop, and the liability of such a thing happening had troubled Doctor Gunsaulus, for he did not enthuse at the thought of the removal of a preacher from the pulpit of Chicago who really "had the town by the ears," as he said,

the most difficult city thus to hold, he declared, in all the world.

After we had engaged in an interesting endeavor to analyze the various elements of the preacher's peculiar strength, I was greatly interested in a keen criticism offered, that grew out of the personal experience of Doctor Gunsaulus, and which discloses one of the most interesting differentiations of a preacher from any other public speaker I know of. The criticism was aimed at the danger of mimicry in the pulpit. The preacher is not an actor.

Doctor Gunsaulus said his own personal experience held an incident which had been a powerful influence in his own preaching. When he was a young man he thought he had sensed the true art of preaching. He was studied in every manner of address and believed he had marked out an effectual pulpit presentation. He had among his membership a man who was a critic and a friend, and who was determined to save the young preacher from his own danger. He one day, in unexpected manner, invited Doctor Gunsaulus to be his guest on a trip overseas and about Europe. The invitation was most eagerly accepted and soon the two set sail on a very carefully planned voyage.

After about three days at sea, and when they were far enough away from home to compel them to think only of a landing on the other side, the designing friend said to the young preacher, "Come now and sit here with me while I say to you what I have brought you out here to say."

Doctor Gunsaulus said there was a peculiar air of a determined purpose in the speaker, and he immediately sensed the fact that there was more than a mere trip arranged in that trip. The friend then proceeded in approach to his statement to say, that he had purposely waited to say what he had to say until the ship was far enough from shore to make it impossible for his guest to swim back. "It is now," said he, "almost as near to Europe as it is to America, and you will arrive sooner by remaining on the ship than by jumping overboard. You will, furthermore, have all the time we are gone to recover your feelings toward me. I have brought you out here to tell you that you would be a very great deal better preacher than you are if you would banish your idea of the actor from your sermon and never in preaching again take the part of a mimic."

Doctor Gunsaulus said as his friend finished his word he most surely felt inclined to swim

back home. He arose and walked the deck, and looked America-ward. He said he was sure he knew more about preaching than did his friend, for he could not speak at all. He did not speak with him for two days, and after that only casually, for some time. The thought, however, could not be dismissed, and his judgment insisted upon its attention. The more he thought into it, the more he became convinced of its correctness. They completed their trip about Europe together. The matter of preaching was never again mentioned, but, said the then world-famous pulpiteer to me, "I have never since that day allowed mimicry a place in my preaching."

I begged him to tell his story to Doctor Quayle; he told me to do it myself. I insisted that from my little position I could not speak; and he never did. It was, however, the only real vital criticism I ever heard of the preaching of my dear friend.

His eloquence at times flamed with all the real impressiveness of genuine eloquence. I count some of the periods of his preaching the most thrilling bits of eloquence I have ever listened to. There was a glow on his impressive face, and a song in his fine intonation, and a rhythm in his phraseology, and an avalanche

in his vocabulary, and a pathos in his voice, and a conviction in his manner, and a compulsion in his thought, that were irresistible. He had mind, and heart, and passion.

I have heard him speak on many and varied occasions. He was always new. His mind was careering. He did not impress you as one speaking now of things he had over and over again and again addressed his audiences to. You were always in company with the freshest ideas when you were with him.

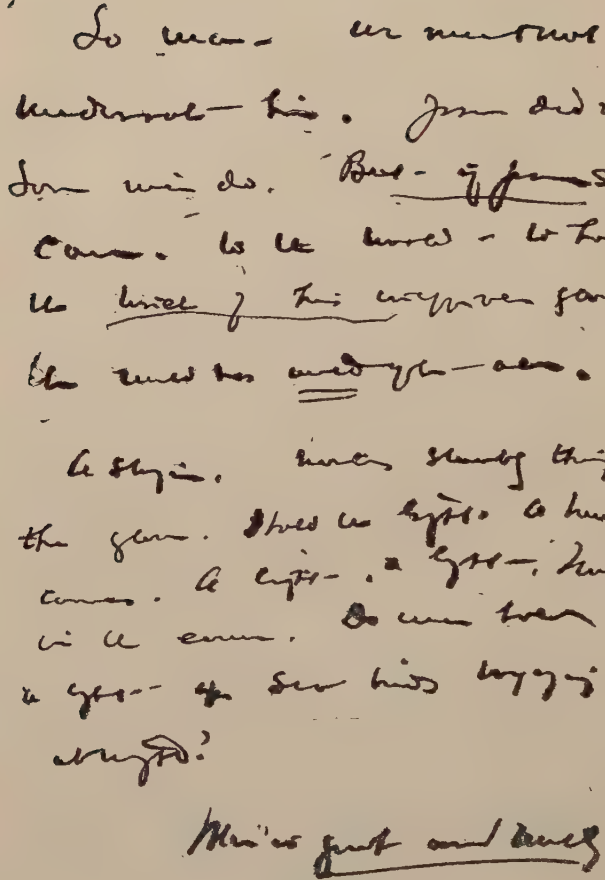
As I think back across the years I believe the most impressive sermon I ever heard him deliver was one he delivered to a scant audience of people. I went to hear it because I was sure I would have the chance of hearing a great preacher preach to a little preacher's audience. The night was storm-swept. The skies were drenching us with a veritable downpour. Just at the time of the gathering of the audience the rain was falling with a driving wind. When the service opened the crash of thunder was in our ears, and the glare of the sharp lightning was at every window. The songs were sung, the prayer was said, and the preacher arose to face the depleted congregation, only a few of us who had come to hear. He never mentioned the fact of the absent

crowd. He never mentioned the storm. He took his text and went splendidly on with one of the most convincing sermons I have ever heard. I have tried to get it. It was taken by short hand by the reporter for the paper that carried his sermon every Monday morning. But there is some other sermon in the print of that day. I had hoped I could present that sermon as the next chapter in this volume as my chosen sample of his remarkable preaching.

His text was just a phrase, snatched from the midst of a passage, as was a quite common custom of his. This phrase he plucked from the incident of Jesus at the well in Samaria, and is a word of the astonished woman in answer to Jesus' request for a drink, "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with and the well is very deep." His first curt sentence I will never forget. It was so very introductory to the whole contention he had in his mind. "Who are you talking to, woman!" The whole sentence she had in excusing manner offered as a reply to the request was thus held before us in its too little horizon. When you start talking to God you cannot make human excuse for action. The contention of the sermon was that this woman's reply was the faltering man-

ner of disbelief always. What is the logic of men's unbelief of God? Only this: the well is too deep for me to draw without my rope, therefore you cannot draw either without the rope. I cannot draw, therefore you cannot draw. I am sure I have never myself heard anywhere, or read anywhere in my reading, a so very impressive argument launched against a cheap unbelief as was that sermon that night. It will cling to my memory always as among the very best sermons I ever heard.

The range of his themes was great. He was not to be found in any beaten path. You could not say, now that Quayle will preach; you may prepare to hear something along some certain line of thought. He would forever startle you with some new outlook. His illustrations were as fresh as some last call he had made, or some flower he had plucked on the way to the pulpit. Everything he touched seemed to glow in illustrative meaning. He would snatch up a hidden phrase of some common passage and paint it to unexpected revelations by some startling application. "I Have Tried" was the fine luring title of a sermon which was couched on a text which down the years is saturate with a theological controversy that has almost shorn it of real life value,



A Page of His Manuscript

"Give diligence to make your calling and election sure." "Isolation By Contact," the fine interpretive theme wrought out of the great verse from our Lord's prayer for his people, "Not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that tnou shouldest keep them from the evil." "The Sermon of the Sky," "The heavens declare the glory of God." "The Universal Builder," "He that built all things is God." "Life's Criminal Agnosticism," "And knew not that it was Jesus."

I could set here easily a list stretching across long pages of these apt titlings in helpful interpretations that make old texts speak in new language. Setting titles to sermons that are really illuminating and interpretive is one of the real matters in the art of preaching.

His method of preparation was characteristic. His mind worked so fast his pen could not keep the pace, so his penmanship was largely a struggling effort to blaze an unreadable way whence he had gone. His manuscripts, many of which I have, can never prove of value as for further publication. We shall cherish them as actual fragments from the workshop of our dear friend. They can never be made use of. They are mere hints in meaning, demanding the completion of him who set

them thus. I append herewith one page of a sermon on "The Business of the Pulpit," from the text, "We preach Christ crucified." It will be easily seen how thoroughly concealed must remain the large amount of his manuscripts thus left. He never wrote out an illustration. He has told me many times in our conversations about preaching, that he always depended upon immediate impulse for the manner in which his illustration was to be set. The beauty and attractiveness and real illustration of an illustration will be lost if it becomes a mere recital of some well-memorized story. It must be forever fresh. I have been told many times by those who were present of an illustrative incident that presented itself to him while he was preaching one day with great power to a vast throng of people in a tabernacle at the camp meeting at Des Plaines, Illinois. In the midst of his sermon there came down the aisle amid the great throng intent in interest on the preacher, a little flaxen-haired girl, with a big bright ribbon in her hair. The tears were brimming in her big eyes as she stopped out there, unseen by the crowd, but opportune for the preacher. "What is your name, my dear little girl?" asked the preacher.

"Crystal," was the sobbed out reply.

"Where do you live?"

"In Woodlawn," was the confident answer.

"What is the trouble now?" was the solicitation.

"I can't find my mamma!" came the eager response. All this time the beautiful little child had come closer in the lure of the solicitous interest, and the preacher, stooping over, lifted her in his arms, and holding her before the concentrate gaze discovered the mother instantaneously. But with the little lost girl in his arms, he said: "A child lost. I am thinking of the thousands of lost children in our vast city where so many of us live. I am wondering just how much enthusiasm, or even care, there is in our hearts because of it."

And for several minutes that caught-up illustration there made the whole appeal of lostness glow to a never-to-be-forgotten interest in every listener's and looker's soul. That is the power of illustration at its very best.

His preaching to me was always surcharged with his over-soul. I knew him so well there was always that unsaid power in supplement of his words. There is so much more in the sermon of a real preacher than the sermon. There is so much of the real power of a sermon that can be known only to those who know

the preacher. The flavor of the life that makes the mere words and tones of the sermon echo on so much farther than the short bounds of the spoken effort.

His mastery of words was a constant challenge. His vocabulary was an ever-ready instrument that could respond to every turn of his rapidly moving mind. I am afraid of a large vocabulary. He was the master of it. If a vocabulary becomes a mere multiplication of words to a speaker, he will have a traffic jam, which will prove embarrassing both to speaker and hearers. I am sure I have experienced that embarrassment. I will not here declare whether as speaker or hearer. I have never known a speaker who had at his command such an endless variety of words as had this word-lover Quayle, and I never heard him when there was the least hesitancy in their flow. He marshaled words as Napoleon marshaled troops. He knew the power of a word; the rhythm, the euphony, the persuasion, the color of a word. He was never at a loss for the very word that would express the delicate difference he desired. There was a fascination in words to him. He read the dictionary as eagerly as most of us read fiction. His very dear friend Bishop William Fraser McDowell wrote him

a playful letter one day, in a taunting confidence that he had found a new word of which he had never heard. The characteristic reply which flew back by return post was, "Never you mind to hunt up new words. What you need is not a new word, but a new idea."

There was always a tender pathos in his preaching that kept his hearers within the easy beckon of tears. His life had swept the gamut of an experience that kept him forever aware that the rainbow of loveliness was often draped across the dark shoulder of suffering. He kept gladness pre-eminent, but it was often peering through sorrow. His heart was as tender as a child's, and from the cruel stroke in his babyhood which deprived him of his mother, all across his years, there was the lurking sense of a pathos that could not ever be outshone. His hearers knew laughter with tears. Characteristic among all his addresses was the devotional address at the General Conference in Saratoga Springs on the theme perfectly adapted to his temperament, and just then in absolute time with his experience. It was based on the phrase, "Our conversation is in heaven." Laughter and tears went hand in hand. We scarce knew which we should do, laugh or cry, so we did both. He took us careering in the

Kingdom to Come, to talk with those gone before. He called their names. He hailed them. He greeted them. He brought a familiar loveliness into our hope that made real the forward-looking experiences we all had had. "Ah, that company. They were here a few years ago, and they are not here now. But we have to get acclimated to the country where we are going to be forever. Our conversation is in heaven."

When he delivered the funeral address beside the casket of his very dear friend Bishop Naphtali Luccock, he dared to bring into the genuine affection he held for him the confident declaration forward of a continuing life filled with the very same glad laughter he had always known here. The Saint Louis papers carried marked reports of what was unusual but touchingly impressive in its genuine interpretation. The great congregation laughed as well as wept, and questioned neither as appropriate. "If there weren't a heaven one would have to be made for Naphtali Luccock. A man such as he could not die forever. It will take him a thousand years to walk three blocks in heaven, for the angels will crowd around him holding their sides with laughter." Death was brushed aside, and heaven was made such a certain ex-

perience that every hearer was established in a natural confidence.

I have good reason to believe that his own favorite sermon, if there was to him such an one, was the one entitled "Eternity in the Heart." It was made ready for publication several times, and always quite different in its form, for he could not be confined in preaching to any arranged plan. That sermon, however, offered him the most fascinating approach to his favorite field of pulpit exposition, a human way into the eternal to-morrow.

It is useless to seek to analyze the genius of a marked master. It is individuality going its own chosen way along what, to most all of us, would be but unnoticed commonplace, but which now at the touch of his keener vision becomes uncommon and full of interest.

Let me close this chapter with a bit of verse from the pen of one of his dear friends, George N. Galloway:

> When Quayle spoke,
> The brooks their silv'ry way
> Went singing to the lakes,
> And life's dull drudgeries
> Took on transfiguring light,
> The blood that sluggish lay,
> Stirred, leaped, and ran;

Ambition's waning hope
Flushed and stood up,
Prophets were born,
New sermons sprang to life,
The stooping shoulder lifted hopefully,
Dulled eyes reflected the return of day,
Men, wearied with the exactions of their lot,
Felt the rebuke of their awakened souls,
And turned with strange new zest,
Not to the task tedious,
But the "Task Golden."
And God came nearer to our mortal clay,
Touched our poor eyes to glories here and
there—
When Quayle spoke.

CHAPTER IX

SERMON

"Pure heart of song: do you not know,
That we are making earth a hell?
Or is it that you try to show
Life still is joy, and all is well?"
—"The Lark," *Robert W. Service.*

I HAVE chosen to make this chapter the testimony of his own workmanship. I have searched far and wide for the sermon which to me is the most characteristic of all his sermons I know. I fear now it must be nothing but a memory to the few who heard it.

I choose for this sampler chapter, one of his sermons in ordinary, and just as preached by him in his regular pulpit ministry and as reported in shorthand by Mr. George Ball, and printed on Monday morning following its delivery, in the columns of the Chicago Inter-Ocean:

Powers of the World to Come

"Have tasted the powers of the world to come."—Hebrews 6. 5.

It is always a great grave delight to the

preacher to talk about matters that are too large for him, and if you were touched with cynicism, you might say that he had best stick to matters that are of his bulk, to which the rejoinder is that if men always held to matters of their own bulk, they would never grow greater. We enlarge our muscularity of purpose and of power by grappling with the inevitable largeness of the universe. The tug of war that grips the cable of gravitation and pulls against gravitation, will truly not succeed in pulling gravitation down, but will succeed in pulling itself with it.

I would say with gladness if I were offering an opinion, that a sure mark of the inspiration of the Scriptures is that they forever baffle us. We always know they are too big for us. I believe a brain can get cogent enough and severe enough in its logic process, and ample enough in its might, to be able to comprehend everything that Francis Bacon wrote. I think our brains would be brawnier than their wont if they so did. It can be done. But no mightiest intelligence that ever fronted facts could ever in its normal moods of loudest self-appreciation deem itself great enough to grapple with these ineffable propositions of the Book of God.

There are geometries whose theorems are not possible to see through. There are geometries whose axioms baffle angels. The self-evident truths are so immeasurable by human understanding that on the low ground of the axiom our mathematics are staggered, dumb-founded, and lost. It is the glory of this preacher, as the glory of any other preacher, that in handling naked-handed this colossal Word of Life he is always dealing with matters beyond him. But as a boat, though it be little, can be rowed over the deepest sea, and the depths bewilder it but billow it up, even so on this incredible Book of God a small craft may adventure and not be destroyed by the depth, but be impelled by it and upholden.

"The powers of the world to come." Ah, now, what is this book about? The powers of the world that is, that is our stature. That is our circle. In its center we may stand and prescribe a circle for our souls. But what is this, "the powers of the world to come"? Have you watched this definite wording in the Bible, that without an apparent motive and without actual preamble, and with divine outreach a naked arm and hand are thrust out back of all the stars? If this were in another book, men would fall into wonder over it. No other book that

ever opened pages to the human eyes ever had this miraculous way of fronting a man at every turn with the infinite, and saying to the least, 'You are big enough for the mightiest.'

"The powers of the world to come." What do we know about the world to come? We are citizens of the here, and not of the there. We are enrolled on the voting tablets of this nether world, and not of that yonder and more affable world. We are cinctured with the clouds; we are garmented with the storms; we be citizens of the ground and not even citizens of the stars. What is this strange, graphic, tremendous word writ here, "Tasted the powers of the world to come!"

I have had great delight in watching Mount Hood. It stands yonder at its sublime altitude forever keeping vigil on the Pacific sea. I have watched it by moonlight, where the train zig-zagged and ran hither and yon along the meanderings of the Columbia River; and I have been haunted by the point far up, the mountain fronting me, or taking my right hand or left hand, or calling with its moon-lit drowsy wonder behind me. But nothing I ever knew of Mount Hood could entrance me as when I have seen the base of the mountain cut off by a belt of clouds and from afar we could see

what was only the base of the mountain climbing, climbing, climbing. But above the clouds up to which this first mountain had climbed, another mountain clomb against the sky. So far as visibilities were concerned you could have said, here stood a mountain in its own right, with regal prerogative standing on the sky, and here was another truncated mountain standing grim and dark upon the ground: but what we knew despite our eyes was that this upper mountain was based upon the lower.

The powers of the world to come, which seem so remote, and to some might seem insubstantial as a credential of thinking, are altogether acclimated to our world in this, that the powers of the world to come are begun in the world that is, and the infinite upper is related to the finite under. A man on the ground is related cogently to the sail and the sky. We are continuities; we are beginnings of sentences; we are not conclusions of sentences. The oratory that is in the soul of each of us has not been ejaculated. The poetries that spin their webs of moonlight's misty bars are not all yet spun to moonlight in the dark. We are related to whom we are to be; we are brothers of our other lives; we are sisters of our tomorrow's womanhood. The world to come!

Have I to do with that? Is that not a peremptory folly of a peremptory thought? Is not that same starry vision whose essentiality I shall never grip? Oh, beloved, as this church building has its foundation on the dirt and plunges its spire into the sky, so the souls of women and of men are directly related to that upper world, and the wonder of our life is that we have "tasted of the powers of the world to come."

You will notice with what sublime reticence this scripture assumes two things. No hint of argumentation; no word of supposition that any soul might raise an inquisitorial mark upon them. It assumes first, a world to come; second, that it is a world of might. We are here. But we shall be there. We are here and the day of our departure is delayed, but the boat is rocked at the mooring by the incoming of the tide, and tugs at its chain, and the chain makes laughter and mutiny combined, because the ship is beckoned to the deep sea spaces, and the calling of the tide is in the ship's ears, and the beckonings of the far blue billows are upon it. Tugging at its chain with ineffectual might, it is still an answer that that ship belongs not to the dock for long, but upon the sea forever. The powers of the world to come!

We might be weak here, but yonder is a world of powers whose domain we have not yet invaded. We might be stunted of stature here, but yonder is a world of growth whose high, far sky shall nurture altitudes divine.

We are here groping at tree roots to get fuel for the fire, being tossed into the very vortex of penury for want. But we shall warm our hands at the open grate fire of God. The world to come! O, soul, if you be baffled today: if you be broken with the wicked flail of wicked fate: lift this cry, "I shall have a chance in the world to come." O, soul, with the twisted road that loses itself among interminable forests—the world to come! Another song, another day, another rapture in another noon—the world to come! If we could wipe our eyes free from dust, and if we could wipe our eyes free from tears, and if we could get the omnipresence that somehow lurks in us to stretch its wings, we might take a lurch into the land of to-morrow. But there it is. It is not necessary to assert we see it. It is not necessary to say we have landed on its shores. All that is necessary to say is: "The world to come beckons us."

Upon the other side the sea I waited with a homesick heart for the tide to rise high and run

out. Not that I was standing watching for the tide to run, though I love it more than I can guess to tell; but I was wanting my ship to loose from her anchorings midstream and run out with hastening sail to the dear land of home, and the green shores I love, and the friends that are dearer to me than life. I knew I could not see my native shore. I knew I could not lean and look and sight the land toward which my heart was taking sail on wings of wonder and delight. But though I could not see, yet I knew that yonder lay the land for which my longing came, and I could sail toward it, and I could sail to it, and I should be its citizen in a to-morrow's to-morrow. O soul, soul, because the world to come does not lie undimmed along your landscape like an island in the sea all smitten with the sun, think not it has no nether, no upper. We are here and the curve of the world hinders our seeing. If the world were flat we might look from rim to rim of land-line and seashore; but the world is curved, and the curve of the world lifts its lens through which we cannot see betwixt shores we long for and the shores whereon we plant our feet to-day. But yonder lies the land, and this man with ecstasy upon his face that fairly flames, lifts his voice

to call like the drums of an army and says, "the world to come."

Now, the world we are in has its own powers, and we can catalogue them. Though we might not command the last voltage of them, we can catalogue them, and the powers of this world are not negational of necessity. They are rational and they are stout of arm like God. "The powers of the world!" We have tasted of them.

There is a power of government, that great brawn, unblinking, masterful king, the sense that is in us that we are under control, that anarchy is an irrationality, that yon dripping dagger cannot by inversion be the scepter of the world. Anarchy thinks it can take a dagger and dig it into the heart's blood and then invert that dagger to point against the sky, and hold the handle hard in hand all smeared with blood and say, "This dagger is the scepter of the world's to-morrow's empire." But we know that the scepter of government is not a scepter of a bloody and drenched sword.

The power of government is on us all. We feel ourselves restricted by the hedge we call society. We feel ourselves encompassed by the might of the whirlwinds that blow through our hearts. We feel we are not utter strangers one

to one, nor islanded in self, or time, or space, or egoism. We are related hand to hand and thought to thought and life to life, and when the dying die they stretch their feeble dying hands, all dewy with the dew of death, and they are reaching for what? Oh, you know, having had death-beds of your own, reaching to feel a human hand what time they slip out into the dark. And when living folks are loving yet, and when their hearts do go out to theirs, yet holden though unseen, and tears burn down their cheeks; then they call with voices all pitiful with lamentations, "O, for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still."

What is that? That is the human instinct. That is the prerogative of raciality within us. That is the divine dynamic that draws us not each from the other, but one to one, until out of isolation comes solidarity. A power of the world that is, is government. Have we not felt that power? To such as love the world, and care for human betterment, and know the pitiless badness of badness, and the gracious goodness of goodness, we know that as governments are now constituted they have prerogatives that must not be abated lest the world die.

Another power of this world is the power of the physical. This is the realm of the mechanical. We seize the pulleys, and twist the ropes, and drag the sledges, and push the world's cars, or pull them with the hand of steam. This is the realm of mechanics, and here the machinery of physicality is necessary. If I would lift a slice of bread to my lips, I must use the lever. I did not think it mechanics. But this is the realm of the physical. We must all reckon with the hard hands of mighty might. In our way stands the grim mountain, and wherever we shall go across the continent we must jab the mountain till it opens a roadway for our commerce, and our locomotive shrieks over it. It is physical might. The mountain says, "You can't get through," and the man thrusts dynamite into it and says, "Hear that?" And the mountain says, "I have been here since the world began, and I have been a part of the original chart of this world's geography," and the man says, "Make way here!" And the mountain says, "I stood here long, long since, ere ever human lip smiled at the spring." And the man says, "Make way here!" And with drill and sledge and dynamite a way through the mountain's breast was forced, and the mountain stood up wounded

and defeated and said: "You were unfair, because you brought against my might the power of machinery." This is a world of might and physicality.

And this is the world of the might of virtue keeping house. What a poor silly thought it is that two folks can begin to keep house, and by and by they shall father and mother cities and continents and populate the islands of the sea, and make the curling smoke of homesteads lift the blue ribbon around a whole world. We would not know that such a puny and ineffectual beginning should be incompetent for so large results. But there they were, two, and the whole world is gladdened with folks. Virtue is just beginning to keep house. It is one of the feeble folk. People laugh at it and say, "Why, what do you bring that pale thing out for?" It is virtue making prayer. What do you think virtue can do? Do you not know virtue is pitiably weak? But to-morrow virtue will stand above the soldier lying on his back and gripping dimly with dying hands for a sword, and speaking through his dying lips he will say, "I felt no wound! Who slew me? Why die I? I am not wounded. I am only weak. Where is my sword? I cannot clutch its blade. I cannot feel its hilt." And leaning

over and smiling is virtue. Virtue is a might on this earth. If I had time I might rehearse with many words the mighty dynamicalities of time; but I must not save to say that here we are in the world, and here are powers of the world that is. But what the Book saith is more, "Tasted the powers of the world to come."

Is yonder different from here? Yes, it is different. Is yonder similar to here? Yes, it is similar. How do the powers of the world to come vary from the powers of the world that is? They vary by subtractions, and they vary by the fact that the same powers here that are very obese and very turbulent and very self-assertive, yonder shall not be. Here is the power of mortality, and yonder is no graveyard nor any weeping folk.

The power of the world to come is immortality. Oh, heart, run fast and far and thou shalt outrun graveyards. Think on that, think on that. Here we are throttled by mortality. We are beaten in the face by its contumacious fist. We are angered and dismayed because Death says, "I am the strongest in the town, and who can say me nay! The rich man and the poor man shall touch the dust by me; and the child and the grown man alike shall touch

the ground by me; and beauty and decrepitude alike shall touch the ground by me. And I swagger somehow," says this brave Death. "It is because I am such easy master."

Oh, Death, Death, in the world to come there shall be nothing for thee but a question mark. This shall be a moment; and that question mark stands erect, blistered like a summer day dawn swung to noon. What is become of Death? The power of the world to come is immortality.

The power of the world to come is virtue grown conquering. Here virtue is in the schoolhouse beginning its trivial tasks. There virtue shall be like a giant stripped to the waist, conquering a million kings. The earth that is to be shall be the landscape for its activities; and Oh, Virtue, here thou strugglest hard, and there are so many infernal vices, and there are so many shibboleths of wickedness whose Jordan's passage thou shalt not make; but yonder there will be all subtraction of vices, and there shall be accretion of virtue. As a great book, Butler's *Analogy,* says, when virtue shakes its shackles off and hath its right of way it can conquer the universe. Here we are handicapped and yonder is no handicap present. The power of the world to come!

Here virtue hath no clean chance and yet with its scant chance it is and does so much. Oh, beloved, think of this when virtue gets into the world to come, and begins to tramp along the road, what kingdoms shall it not create? What standards shall it not set up? What banners shall it not fling out with wild lily folds to arch against the sky? What cannot virtue do when it gets puissant? The power of the world to come.

The power of the world to come is character. Here it is a power, but yonder it is perfected in power. Where character marks out its superb destiny; where these weaknesses, these hindrances, these gibes that fret and worry, these lips that press down as with iron hands, these hands that cuff us on either cheek, and when we stop to wipe the blood away laugh us to scorn—all gone yonder. Character shall stand full height and very glorious. The power of the world to come.

The power of the world to come is salvation. It is begun here. It is very wholesome now. It hath a clean heart here. It hath pure breath here. It hath some insight here. It has some vision here. It hath some swiftness of foot here. Yonder salvation is a power of the world to come. All the folks that make up the

mighty throngs that hold convocation in the land of God are salvation folk, where the blood of Christ hath mixed itself with the blood of souls and cleansed us from the heel into the brain's last reach, and from the heart unto the finger tips. Salvation. The powers of the world to come are God's, and we have to watch Him narrowly in history sometimes, and in spite of the smoke that shows its color over the sky, we do dimly see the face of God. But yonder God shall stand out, never a touch of cloud upon His look, and never the touch of the grime of toil on His face. But God shall be the power of the world to come.

Last night, through the courtesy of dear friends of mine, I heard Paderewski play, and I, who am no musician, but only shut my eyes and harken while music drips, watched him last night with open eyes betimes, and then shut my eyes, having seen his face, shut my eyes to let the incense of his music sink into my brain. He had no trouble. It was a piano, out of which with deference to me, I had not made much music, and was not invited to perform, and it was a good piano likely, leastwise it had the key-scale of good pianos; and this man with ease beckoned the music out. A face as calm as the face of death, that seemed not to stir

into life at all, and he let the fingers lift and the hands fall, and the hands never fell amiss —and that piano was an instrument that knew to have a tear. It was not a dead, unwholesome, lifeless thing, but it had a breaking and a yearning heart. The player did not seem to try much. He sat beside that fine instrument and across that audience swept his music. What ailed that instrument? Only this: a man was holding it that knew he held it in power. Some of these dear mornings, would you wonder if I told you that in the world to come where powers are all undiminished, even I who speak to you would sit down at some keyboard and evoke a psalm? The trouble with this world is it hath not many geniuses and cannot have them. It does not have rich enough soil to grow many giant folk, but there are enough to show what power could be, unafraid, unbounded, where the musician that is in us shall awake and sing.

Some hearts I have known that have made deepest music, had no voice and could not carry a tune as it ran and they ran. But, oh, the powers of the world to come, when into our hearts shall come the might, and along our souls shall run the rapture, then Paderewski shall have plenty to play double handed with

him. I myself can sit beside him, and we shall play on, and men will not know, and only angels guess, which one was he that played, because in yon far-famed country and strange to-morrow we shall all lay gripping hands upon the powers of the world to come. I shall not stoop me then to power. I shall not stammer with words then, but speak. I shall not finger with the harpstrings of life, but I shall swing my hands across them and it shall be as if the rain and the sunlight were musicians. Oh, to-morrow the powers of the world to come! I shall be liberated from these things that stop me here. My voice shall have caught the eternal music, and my soul shall have lifted to eternal rapture. What ails the universe? Ah, me; ah, me, the powers of the world to come are come upon us.

And the book said—Did I not read it in your hearing just now? "Have tasted the powers of the world to come." We have heard Paderewski play, aye. We have seen Turner paint, aye. We have heard Tennyson's voice in the dark, aye. We have heard Isaiah's voice echo like a storm among the mountains, aye, aye! We have tasted of God. We have touched our lips to His Cross and found it sweet. We have worn an amaranth at the

heart. But that is just a taste of the powers of the world to come. We have fallen in love with God; we have fallen in love with folks; we have started. Ah, yes; we have tasted here, but we shall have the bounty yonder. The powers of the world to come! We shall be big folks there; we shall be well folks there; we shall be wise folks there; we shall be successful folks there. Aye, we shall have gotten hold of the powers there. Oh, souls of women, and of men, stretch, stretch to the touch of the powers of the world to come.

(Prayer.) Great Master, evoke all that is in us of the largest; subject all that is in us of the least. Call us over to where Thou standest. Keep space for us upon Thy holy hill, for we are coming, coming, coming; we shall soon be there. Make a good road for our coming, O Thou Christ, and help us up the grim hill into the holy mountain, so that we shall have the powers of the world to come, by Jesus Christ, Amen.

CHAPTER X

BISHOP

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise.
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies.

—*William Shakespeare.*

THE episcopacy is not conducive to individuality. It is always an interesting battleground for a man whose individualism is characteristic. He never seems to fit. There is something that forever needs adjustment. There has always been to me a genuine interest in the fact that the clothes of Abraham Lincoln never did fit him. I am glad. There are so many people whose clothes do fit so perfectly that there is no danger of that very fine matter being overlooked, so I am glad that here and there is a man who has seemed to be unfittable. The tailors couldn't tailor him. There is a certain degree of chafing in any formality which always seems to grate on the natural conduct of individuality.

I shall never forget the first bishop I ever saw. I had heard much about bishops in the

William Alfred Quayle in 1908
(Just before he was elected to the episcopacy)

conversation of my humble home. Seldom in the little Western towns in those days did a real live bishop come around, and the announcement that one was coming was a spark to light up my expectation to its very keenest interest. In my boy's mind I had built up the ideal bishop. His manner, his dress, his looks, I had all assembled, and awaited the arrival with tense anxiety. When the old town omnibus drove up, and was painfully cramped and backed around to an advantageous position for the alighting of the passengers, I was downcast in my belief the bishop had not come. In fact, *my* bishop had not come. The bishop had, however. The contrast between my bishop and the bishop was a shock to me.

All that, in terms of a boy's expectation, is, however, indicative of a fact that is mature among us. There is an expectation, a mystic creation of conduct and mannerism, that conforms to certain matters that makes it a bit difficult upon the expression of an untrammeled individuality. Hats and collars and vests and coats and many another less tangible entanglement, seem to have been able to arrogate unto themselves an undue authority which will not easily be quiet when in contempt. Who set the standard of a bishop, anyhow?

Into just such a situation as our undefined but mysteriously existent prescription of a bishop presents, came this individual William Alfred Quayle, one spring day in the year 1908. He was elected by the General Conference meeting in the City of Baltimore, Maryland.

He holds the number of fifty-six in the honored list of our brethren, who have been placed in the responsible position of trust and preferment, called by us the office of general superintendent. He had entered the ministry in 1885, and came into the episcopacy after twenty-three years of varied ministry, which had run the whole gamut of experience. He knew the country; he knew the town. He knew the loneness of the frontier; he knew the lonelier loneness of the great city. He knew the poverty of the sparse places and the liberality of noble laymen. He knew the ignorance that shrouded the inopportune, and the sparkling mentality of the college halls. He knew life, with a knowledge that had been gathered by a keen observation and stored up by a tenacious memory and illuminated by a genuine affection, and humanized by a very testing experience that had passed through it all.

This chapter is not to be a general observation on the office of the episcopacy. It is the

particular narration of a bishop who could not be a bishop as any other man might have been, but who went right on about his ministry in this office, just as though he were still his unchanged self, which was far more important to him than were some newly assigned duties. He was always William A. Quayle.

He was not pre-eminent as an administrator, whatever that may mean. I have heard so much about administration and the episcopacy that sometimes I really wonder just what it is. I know this: One day I was talking with a man who occupies one of the most prominent positions in the big business situations of this big business day of ours, and the conversation turned to our mutual friend. We had both known him across all the years of our lives from early youth and knew the formative story of his fascinating career. The big business man said, as we were talking about the particular things which held peculiar lure to the enthusiasm of our friend: "I have sometimes heard folks say he was not an administrator. I know this man. I have long known him. There is not one department in my complicated business I would hesitate one moment to entrust to him, so sure am I of his ability. All he needs to do is fix his attention to a matter."

I would confirm his estimate. This so-called administration estimate is a cramping measure of monotonous detail which has come with troublous demands upon the present-day expression of the office of the episcopacy. The whole routine bondage of officialism chafed him. He had his own way. What he wanted was to get at the matter that was desired. If to do so it was necessary to unceremoniously cut a few scarlet bandages of prescribed mannerisms he would cut them, and often do so hilariously.

No preacher who was fortunate in being ordained by Bishop Quayle will ever escape that individual touch of informal exhortation which he always gave in his rapid and never repeating words, to the various candidates as he passed before them. He seemed always charged with special information which would make the ritualistic formula seem set to particular meaning. I have had a regular flock of letters from men who were ordained by Bishop Quayle, and each letter has borne to me some fascinating thing that was said or done, that stood the service out in particular meaning. That is a gracious fact to be able to keep alive through the continuous administration of things ritualistic, which will save

them from the monotony of sing-song and magnify them in the distinguishment of their connectional relationship. One preacher wrote me of the impressive fact of his ordination, which was administered in an open-air service arranged impromptu before a vast audience that found, under the interpretation of the nature-loving bishop, a most noble cathedral among the trees. Five deacons and nine elders were ordained, and never were cathedral pillars more impressively massed amid thronging worshipers who were conscious of the presence of the God of the earth, than were those rugged trees, rowed there into noblest nave and aisles and tossing back the echoes of the hymnody of the joyful hosts.

His administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was always attended with a humble mannerism that made it always a sacrament rather than a mere ritualistic service. He would frequently take his place with the brethren and request the pastor of the church to attend to the administration of the elements. I have a letter from one of our bishops recounting a most impressive incident which happened at one of the Conference sessions at which the visiting bishop was present to deliver the Conference address. The communion

service had been most reverently and spiritually administered. It seemed that all had been served. Bishop Quayle looked around the room and inquired in his winsome way if there was anyone present who had not communed and who would like to bow at the altar and renew the vow of fidelity in the acceptance of the simple elements we use with which to express our faith in His supreme sacrifice. One man responded. He was a colored brother who had sat far back and alone, and upon the lone appeal, with none other at the altar, he felt he was not intruding upon the service by humbly presenting himself for the sacrament. As quick as a flash Bishop Quayle was down out of the pulpit and kneeling beside the colored man at the altar. He asked one of the brethren to administer the service. There was no display in the act. There was all the impressiveness of a genuine expression there, and not one eye in that congregation but was moist with the heartfelt appreciation of it all. It was one of those characteristic things which forever marked the unusual across his ministry, and gave him power. He could not even be molded into the rigid expressions of the ordinary, by the rigid bondage of the most formal ways of ritual. The uncon-

ventional was his constant way. It was perfectly natural for him to be unusual. The indelible impress he has made on the story of the episcopacy among us will be found in the unexpected way in which he administered his office. The very non-conformity of it all made it impressive. One day he stepped into a train running through one of the busiest sections of our great Central Western territory. He saw at once a man prominent in the business affairs of that section of the country, but whose life had never been brought into Christian experience and whose influence had never been given to the church. He seated himself beside the man and engaged him in fascinating conversation in which he was a master. It was easily and designedly brought round to the subject of religion. The father of the man sought was a noble Christian and a consecrated churchman. In his home across all the years had been shed the unblemished influence of true Christian fatherhood. That man was won to a personal acceptance of Jesus Christ right there, and all that is, of course, not out of the ordinary. The unusual began then. Bishop Quayle was never merely usual. He was only usual in order to be unusual. He then and there received that man into the church on pro-

bation and enrolled his membership and sent it to his pastor with instructions to baptize him and receive him into the church in full connection in due time. He became an official member of the church and served God faithfully and brought his fine business enthusiasm to the church's life. Only a very short time before the death of Bishop Quayle this distinguished and unusual recruit of the church was called home by a quick summons, and the news was never given on this earth to the bishop he so greatly loved. I doubt not, however, that when he met him coming home too, the great heart was glad again in remembrance that he had done an unconventional but constructive thing, as together they rode on the train that day.

There seemed to be always in him an adventurous delight in the unconventional. He had agreed to make an address for a preacher one afternoon in the early springtime at a little country place to which his engagements made his coming a bit problematic. The preacher had promised to get him to the town and back to a main line railroad in time to reach his next appointment. When the bishop arrived at the station from which the drive of several miles must be made, the roads were simply impass-

able. The preacher, not to be defeated in his plan by bad roads, said he had provided a special train through the kindness of the railroad. When the special arrived it was a hand-car, and no passenger on that trip had half the delight that was given him for whom it was arranged.

One afternoon he was to speak at a Conference in one of our South Central States. He was to speak at four o'clock. There had been no information as to the direction from which he was coming, and when the last train arrived upon which he could come, there was uncomfortable concern on the part of the program committee as to what they could do, for the house was already packed with expectant listeners. When the hour for the service arrived, the preliminary program was entered into, with the singing of all the verses of all the hymns and with a suppressed hopefulness in watching the door. Just as the time had arrived when some announcement must be made, into the door slipped a well marked traveler, patting at his careless hair and trying to knock the dust of his journey from his shoulders. The chairman, in great relief, announced the bishop had arrived and brought him at once to the platform. His hands and face were notice-

ably dirty, but his big, fine smile looked even better than ever and his radiant eyes shone with increased meaning. He began his address by explaining that the schedule given him had been impossible. There was no way by which he could catch any passenger train from where he was. He had by special privilege gotten the right to ride on a freight train. When he boarded it at midnight the brakemen were asleep in the old stuffy caboose, and he said he did not have the heart to waken them, so he had taken a soap-box and made of it a seat on which to ride in an empty coal car. On that old box he had ridden all that long bumping trip and accumulated the clean dirt with which his face and hands were adorned and through which his interested soul had found a new experience and speech that night, as he counted the stars, careered with the darkness, hailed the dawn, and thanked God for being alive. It has not been a universal fact across the story of the episcopacy that from such a night and such a ride, a cheerful and effective sermon has always been delivered. To this bishop, however, it was but a new sort of a way to get where he was going. Coming by Pullman is ordinary, but by soap-box and coal-car there is at least the unusual approach that makes life

William Alfred Quayle When Elected Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1908

different. Thank God, he was a different sort of a man. Thank God, also, he was a different sort of a bishop.

The following incident breathes so much of his fragrant soul, I could not dare to leave it out of this narrative, even if I felt someone whose eyes might some day run across these lines might wish I had not put it here. I know, however, the fine ministry of the case, and its beautiful concealment made it so much more effective in its result that to the few who did know it it was like a sunrise above the clouds. Once in his goings here and there about the earth, he met a wonderfully unique preacher-man, whose saturate soul had gathered so many fragrant associations he was simply laden with rich humanness as a bee that has been wading in clover-bloom all a day long is laden with honey. The old preacher had never been privileged the helpfulness of school, but his hungry soul had absorbed every book he could reach, and he had spent almost everything he ever had for the books which had accumulated into a splendid library. He went his humble way to whatever charge he was assigned without inquiry. No one ever came to Conference with a demand for his appointment. No charge where he was ever sent ever

asked for him to be moved. He drove a quaint old buggy and a somewhat quainter horse. His kindness, joining demands with his book-fondness, made constant raid upon his sparse purse, and there was little left for him to expend upon his not demanding bodily needs. Old hats and old shoes and old garments were comfortable and did not need much rubbing to keep them looking better, for they look about as well unbrushed as they do brushed when once you have gotten them along far enough in use. So he was content and went to Conference each year with the great, fine soul of a genuine minister of God and the outer adornments of a long-possessed and well-proven wardrobe. There had been no complaint from him. The services were all rich in privilege to him. He drank in every address with that fine old relish which used to be more common among the ministry at the Annual Conference than it seems to be now. The bishop was won to the rich personality that was hidden amid somewhat overworn but compelled garments, and set himself to the concealed joy of a surprise change. He accordingly sent a check to the district superintendent of the old preacher, with detailed instructions for its expenditure and how the recipient was to be delivered the

surprise. It was one interested Conference which was next held, and welcomed the old preacher, decked out from head to foot in a bodily adornment that called attention by its change but could not be explained by the exchanger. As long as he lived he went thus to Conference each year, newly clad, and without knowledge of the source of his adornment.

All along his years there has been cast up after him a cumulative influence that has drawn along to ambitious improvement the lives of a multitude of youths. I have felt the pull of him in my soul almost all my life. Shortly after the church had made him a Bishop he was carrying his attractive eloquence along a Southern route that brought him one night to lecture in New Orleans. In his audience sat a boy who had followed the gleam of a strange desire to see and hear this man talk. He had been keeping close all day long to some preachers who were interested in the presence of the bishop. He had heard a delegation of them knock on the door of the room in the hotel to which the bishop had been assigned. He was fascinated as he saw the door swing open and with all the welcome a Southerner himself could have bound up in a sentence, he held out his arms and said in a manner the

listening boy has never forgotten, "Why, hello, boys! I'm so glad to see you! Come right in."

With the flavor of such a cordial greeting that boy sat in the church that night to listen to a lecture. It was a most dramatic interpretation of Goethe's "Faust." There was enough of the unexpected in that speech to keep that boy awake almost the entire night. In fact, it scared him. The next night the bishop was to lecture in a little town about fifty miles away. That lured lad, now fascinated beyond the lure, was eager to hear him speak again. He felt the pull of a rising purpose in his soul. He counted carefully all his change and decided he could just make the trip. That night, again in the audience before the bishop when he arose to speak, sat that eager boy. "Shylock and David" was the theme around which once more the brilliant lecturer fascinated his audience, but no one heard his words with such grip of fascinating captivity as did that lone boy. There was a paragraph in it about a red-winged blackbird, which to this very day is winging its brilliant way along the memory of that boy as an unwearying flight of helpfulness. When the bishop reached the depot where his train was due, he was surrounded by the company of chosen ones, who as a commit-

tee had been charged to make his stay comfortable. They were engaged in interested conversation. Walking to and fro on the platform was a lonesome boy. He was homesick and struck with that strange kind of discouragement which comes so easily when aroused ambition discovers the contrast of where it is with where it aspires to be. That boy was saturate with those two compelling lectures, but could see no way that could lead from his poor place to the attainment of his ideal. Suddenly, as he walked alone he felt a hand on his shoulder, and as he looked up into the face of Bishop Quayle, he felt the arm of him who had been watching him slip into his arm as the two went walking down the platform together. It was not hard for that expert inquirer to get that boy's story under such conditions. He was ready to talk. His tethered ambition was pulling. His lonesome heart was wanting encouragement. The abandoned committee stood speechless while the speech of a brim-full boy was poured in suppressed voice into the bishop's ears. The whistle of the train was heard. The hand of the boy was gripped in the kindly hand of the bishop, and held with a pressing encouragement. When the train stopped the committee said hurried farewell,

and that boy found in his hand the replenishing of his scant purse that had been drained by the attendance his roused ambition had urged upon him there. To-day he is the pastor of one of the leading churches in all the Central West, and as he told me this story you cannot wonder that he said in a manner I can never forget, "Do you blame me when I say the fragrance of his beautiful life tarries in my mind and heart like the delicate fragrance of some delicious perfume, or the half-forgotten strains of some wonderful bit of music?"

His episcopacy ended at the compelling stroke of the determined disease that struck him cruelly into helplessness, before it struck him finally with death. All the way through that period, when his great soul had to be held in the grip of a mortality that was a hindrance until he shook it off by death, there flashed constantly the evidence of his triumphant soul.

When the roll of the bishops was called at the General Conference in Springfield, Massachusetts, his answer was made by letter as follows:

To the General Conference of 1924, Convening at Springfield, Mass.:

Dear Fathers and Brethren:

I greet you in the name of Christ. I intrude on

your time to prefer a request. It is a grief to my heart not to be with you. Poor health alone prevents.

I have esteemed it a great privilege to be one of the American people and to have ministered to them for my lifetime. I have loved our Methodist Episcopal Church, and its laity have been kind to mine and me. Its ministry with few exceptions have been beautiful, devoted men of God with whom it was a joy to serve and associate. Thank God for the Methodist Episcopal Church, membership and ministry. Having been saved by the grace of God, I have been "allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel." . . . Had I a hundred lives to live I should desire to spend them all in this sublime service. . . . It has been a sunny life, radiant as spring.

In addition God has given me the blessing of a wife and children who have been and are a gladness to my life. "I have all and abound."

I now ask you, brethren, to grant me the favor of the retired relation, regretting that impaired health makes the request imperative.

Praying the blessing of the God-Christ to dwell upon you and your deliberations for the church we love and the world for which Christ died, I am gratefully your brother in the gospel,

(Signed) William A. Quayle.

From that retired relation he shed the thoughtful solicitude of his keen interest in the church by a constant stream of most beautiful

letters. Always tender, and with thoughtful comfort for those who were in sorrow, he seemed doubly inspired in his own approach to death, to bring the real confidence of his faith to sustain others also. In no period of his whole life did the optimism of his fore-look glow with such impressive solicitude as it did even unto the very evening time. One letter I will put here that I may close this chapter with the fragrance of his interest in his brethren in the ministry, the real spirit of a bishop of their souls. This letter was written even with his very last strength. It actually arrived at the home of sorrow, after he himself had been gone for several hours, and from that home it came to me with an appended note, "It seems to us like a message from on ahead."

I catch your hands wet with weeping. I would caress you with my voice and with my spirit, if I knew how. Nobody can reach your grief but God. Friends would, but cannot. They reach, but cannot touch. Souls live too far apart. Losing is piercing like an arrow. But we had. The Laureate was right. We had love, and keep love. Love does not disintegrate. It is indivisible like soul. We part: we meet, and then we part no more. Blessed forward look. The Homeland is very real, and very blessed. Christ told us things we cannot forget. He has prepared a place.

We love you, and grieve with you, and rejoice over your accumulating riches in the Better Land. Let us look the sunset hard in the face. So many of our beloveds are beyond its burnished gold. "I go to prepare a place for you" wastes not from our sky. We hope and sing.

Yours, while life burns its eternal light,

W. A. Q.

CHAPTER XI

AUTHOR

A battery on radiant wings,
That from yon gap of golden fleece,
Hurls at us hope of such strange things,
As joy and home and love and peace.
—"The Lark," *Robert W. Service.*

I REMEMBER the first man I ever saw who had written a book. There was about such a fact an almost unbelievable task for any man to perform, in the way I looked at it as a boy. The fact that a man who was to lecture in our town had written a book was the point made most prominent in the advertisement of the coming lecture. I had seen the book, too. I had tried to read it, but with a boy's measure of what a good book was, I left that book almost entirely unfinished. The man, however, who could actually write a book was a source of suppressed wonder to me, and I shall never lose out of my remembrance the feeling I had when I actually saw the man walking down the aisle of our little opera house

on his confident way to the platform to deliver what to me proved to be an utterly wasted effort.

No matter now about book or lecture, as to what real worth there may have been in either or both, the abiding interest that took hold upon my attention and never left me, was that I had seen a man who had actually written a book. I do not know that any other boy in the world has ever had such a feeling as had I, but the very same sense of profound appreciation attended me when I first set my eyes on a book that had actually come from the pen of a man I knew and had learned to admire and respect and love in very quick succession.

I remember well during my college days, hearing a glee club from the Haskel Indian Institute sing at an oratorical contest held in Lawrence, Kansas. One of their songs was in description of their institute and its work. One verse which was lame on poetry and only slightly better, if any, in harmony, was about some professor of theirs who had written a book. Its rhythm ran thus:

"Prof. Somebody wrote a book,
Wrote a book, wrote a book.
Prof. Somebody wrote a book,
He wrote a book."

Everybody cheered the song of those Indians, and I presume most everyone also forgot it. It struck, however, into the smoldering embers of my never-dying wonder as a boy, and I went away from that oratorical contest to forget every speech and to forget every song, except the song of those Indians. I wondered if those fellows did not have that same sense of profound interest in a man who could actually write a book. "He wrote a book," was the convincing short-metered line that closed their song with conclusion.

A book has from my earliest days held something strange and impressive to me. I like a book. I can understand the wonder with which the natives of interior Africa gazed upon a book, without any possible explanation being able to be made to them. They could understand in a proportionate measure everything else they saw. But a book was beyond them.

The first book I ever saw that was all made by a man I knew, and had heard say much that was in it, was *The Poet's Poet,* by W. A. Quayle. It was built upon the great and thrilling excursions he had made in literary ways. His revelings in literature were among the very first things that astonished me about his mental processes. His memory was so very

keen that he had forever at his call quotations from every whither, and I used to wonder as a youth if he had actually read everything. As I grew older and came to know him better, I almost came to believe he had actually read about everything readable there was. He could read so easily. He could read chapters while I read pages. He once declared he had read an average of a book a day since his college days on down his whole career. He read Senator Beveridge's wonderful life of John Marshall, one of the most monumental biographical works that has been produced at all in America, a work of four large volumes, during the session of the Saint Louis Conference which he was holding. He got the books on Tuesday and along with all the distracting matters of a Conference session completed the reading and returned the set to the owner on the following Monday morning.

He was one day asked by one of his most personal friends if he had yet read a certain quite tedious book and long. He replied in a casual manner, "Yes, I read it the other night."

"The other night?" replied his friend. "You could not read a book like that in one night. I have just finished it after a week of very close reading."

"Well, let us try ourselves at an examination on the book."

The two started in comparative questionings, and in a short while Bishop Quayle was matching points two to one. He was a voluminous reader. He was a prolific writer as well, having over twenty volumes to his credit, and ranging from keenest literary criticism and estimate to the most familiar conversations of plainest folk along country lanes. He was cosmopolitan in literature. He seemed to like it all, but not in equal degree.

It is interesting to me to note that he starts his authorship in about the most difficult field of all, and closes his career as a writer in those more familiar things that nestle close to our companionships in affection, and that walk in the humbler paths of our ordinary days. Of course I presume that is a resultant of that experience in the actual performance of a thing that at a distance first looks as demanding far-away material, but that under practice proves that the most intimate, after all, is the real message any man can ever hope to give.

The little foreword in his first volume carries this apologetic offering: "To claim a new message to literary folk would be presumptuous. The author's self-justification for this

volume is that of a lover. A lover's passion makes him voluble. The words herein set down are expressions of loves, historical and literary. If these studies shall stimulate affection for the men and works he loves, the author will rest content."

I shall never lose from my life the influence of that first book of his, and in my estimation, one that has not been displaced in its value by any or all the others that followed. There is about it a care that often attends the first work of an awakening genius. He displays a very wide acquaintance with all that is best in literature, and while this fine fact of his mental equipment is perhaps a bit better done in that later volume, *Recovered Yesterdays in Literature* (which is probably his most scholarly volume), it still remains as a gripping evidence of a very widely read and attentive mind in his earlier days to everything that was high and noble in literature. Browning, Shakespeare, Burns, Hawthorne, Goldsmith, Eliot, all yield to him their finest meanings. In their perusal, however, he leaves one constantly revealing trail of his readings far and wide. The interrelationship of all good literature is a persistent disclosure to every reader of any of his literary essays. I well remember with what

wonder I read the chapter, "The Jew In Fiction." It seemed to go gathering everywhere for its material. I read and reread it as a young man because it fascinated me with scintillating phrases in disclosure of qualities he had lifted to interpretation from pages I had read as mere reading. There is so much of our reading that is mere reading.

Then there was that to me never-to-be-forgotten chapter on "Shylock and David As Interpreters of Life." I had read about Shylock and David. I had never even with the farthest flights of attention, however, linked them to any interpretive fact. It was a really great day to me when both Shylock and David became more than Shylock and David. It was, of course, his fine interpretation of Shakespeare and Browning brought to its earliest best in his comparisons of those two incorporating poems of each. Shylock and David are exponents standing at opposite poles: Shylock is pessimist; David is optimist.

Someone has said that all literature is autobiography. To those of us who knew this always personally fascinating man closely, this doubtless is the secret of that over-interest in many matters of his books which may seem to others mere notations along a common way.

He would forever pick out the meaning, reflecting things that showed him in some particular manner.

In a chapter titled "The Literature of Nature," he has this matter well put thus:

> Literature is a record of what hearts have seen, never anything else. What books have said is what men have seen. Literature is a use of eyes, sometimes turned on men, sometimes on manners, sometimes on hearts, sometimes on ranges of gigantic hills or furrowed wastes of mal-content seas; but evermore in letters we are dealing with eyes. "The things we have seen, declare we unto you," is the legend writ on the title page of every volume the world has hazarded to write, so that at some time or other everything will come in for its share of attention. When we see a thing we shall talk of it. Men's slow eyes are blamable for men's slow tongues.

I have always felt that the great handicap all literature must bring on with itself into a generation that knew not the author makes a very serious barrier for the works of yesterday. There is so very much of the author himself in everything he writes that the lack of actual acquaintance with him always tethers his writings. There is always more than is merely said in everything that is said. The young preacher often wonders why some seem-

ingly not brilliant thing, said by someone else, seems to have so much more weight than an easily more brilliant thing he is sure he said himself on the same subject. The reason, of course, is to be found in the surcharge of personality. The words of a great life are very, very much more than the mere words.

It is the life abundant of this man which forever haunts his lines. The peculiar tone with which he would say a thing sings its droll into his phrases and cannot be unheard. "Graphic as if written with lightning on a sky at night, but depressing as the shadow of a grave"—What a haunted phrase that! None could ever make use of that and dare leave the quotation marks off. We know it too well. It sounds of his very voice. It looks with his big eyes through night to lightning's letters, and in grave shadows for expressions. You can forever hear him and trace his very footfalls adown the paragraphs he has left us. I confess now that he is gone, to read his books more than I did while he was here, though I think I kept familiar pathways through them all, and always. But now that I know he is gone, and I get oft lonesome for him, and long for a visit, I go along these familiar paragraphs just for the familiarity of them. I like

to talk with him about literature. I long for the things he used so easily to say when thunder boomed along the broad prairies, or went billowing across the lake, like a stroke from heaven on a drum big enough to respond. I want to hear him greet a violet beside a moss-grown rock, or hail the flashing flight of a red-winged blackbird from a reed-crowded swamp. I long for his company in a walk through the rain. I wait for his voice when the flare of the fall-reddened sumac bursts to my vision. Oh, there are so many, many things that make me lonesome now and drive me to his pages, for now as never before I appreciate how a man writes himself in his books. I am sure every author loses immeasurably to his ordinary readers because they cannot see him there, nor hear that great life that haunts every true line that ever comes from the pen.

If I were to venture my estimate of the book which carries a bit more of his most intimate expression than any other book he has left us, I would name that tender and everywhere personal volume, *The Uncommon Commonplace.* It came far enough along in his career to dare be bold to intimate personal matters. Such a daring is risked only by those who have come on past secure establishment in matters of

general observation. Most writers are compelled to begin with consideration of matters of fixed interest. He did. Browning, Shakespeare and characters and literature of unquestioned position offered him his earliest opportunity for observation. It was only well along through a career of careering almost everywhere, that he dared tear open his own heart and lay the tender greatness there before his readers. For long he kept close gate upon his inner affections, and very much of that flavor which forever clung to his phrases was known only to those who knew him most intimately. There seems to be so very much of his intimate self that clings always to that volume "like the fragrance of a pressed rose which the fingers of love plucked long since and other hands laid in the leaves of a precious book, grown much more precious because of the rose having its hiding place there these misty years, and the fingers of love which plucked and gave the flower long since crumbled into dust from which his plucking saved the rose." Do you not catch in such opening words as those the very opening offer presented by an intimate personal talk?

The volume carries the salutations of very dear friends who had just outstepped him on

the way unto Paradise. His roll call of that assemblage "creates a heaven." It would be an impossibility for an utter stranger to read the tender story of Margaret with eyes kept dry. To those of us who knew her as well as him, the reflection of the two in that wonderful narrative is a duet of immortal faith and fortitude that can never die out of our inmost souls.

I sat listening recently to a most interesting and compelling organ solo, played by a skillful organist on a wonderful instrument in a great room, through which the beguiled modulations and bewitching strains could go echoing away behind far arches to lose themselves in the newer arrivals of the ever progressive melody. It was a tune called "The March of the Magi Kings." After the title there was printed in parenthesis so we who listened might know how better to understand, "The sustained note represents the Star in the East." As the tune began it found introduction in that high-hung tone. Through all the changing expressions of the persistent ways of those marching Magi that unvarying tone held its sway. Nothing could shake it off. On and on went the music until the very star seemed to burst upon our souls through the persistence of the tone. I

do not know that it is a great piece of music. I would not seem to set myself to judge what is a great piece of music. I will dare to say, however, it is a supreme idea. And if other musicians do not care to take my estimate as to greatness in music, let them set themselves with the same idea and give us a better. Akin to the impression that well-wrought-out piece of music made on my musical attention is a similar fact in the authorship of William Alfred Quayle. Forever in all his works there sings the high note of spiritual values. He is on the trail of those things that teach the ways of the spiritual. He listens to thunder; he listens to whispering winds; he looks into the starlit midnights, and into the purpled cups of violets; he companions with the characters of Shakespeare, and walks the rugged ways of Cromwell; he tunes his Æolian soul to the strains of Browning, or the song of a lark; but through them all and out of them all he comes bringing always the trophy of a profound spiritual fact. He never loses the trail. In fact, you will become aware that the reason he has turned in where he so often does is because he has sensed some real spiritual values there. Thompson's *Hound of Heaven* caught his passionate admiration. He called the poet

"A Poet Chrysostom," in one of his very most discerning chapters on literary themes.

I mark this fact because it is in my estimate the predominant note of his whole life. It forever sounds. I have known William Alfred Quayle intimately. I have held conversation with him in most personal manner about every type of human experience and way of thought. I have never caught him when the note had been lost from his message. He was tuned to spiritual things. It was not mere outdoors that fascinated him. It was "God's Out Doors."

The last book he gave us he would not let us see until death had called him on. Then we eagerly reached to get his *Book of Clouds,* to find that it was born in the faith that shone through a boy's sorrow in the awakening consciousness of the loss of his mother. Out in the clover fields lying in lonely yearning, looking earnestly into high skies, he caught the interest of the clouds that wandered along the roads out toward his mother. "So did my æsthetic life ground itself in my heart," says he. "It has stayed there ever since. . . . All things have grown rooted in the soil of my heart. . . . My shoreless delight in nature—things begin in my lonesome little

heart. The clouds wandered in the sky of my heart. O, Mother! Mother!"

Tenderness and spirituality go their impressive way along his whole career. He lays down his pen with the short revealing sentence, "How holy is a cloud!" There is his mysticism, his wonder, his spirituality. The world will be better for every line he wrote.

CHAPTER XII

BOOKS

Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still.
—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

I CANNOT think of William A. Quayle apart from books. He loved books; he lived with books; he made books. He was a book-man. Not to say he did not know life. He was a living book-man, not bookish. He carried books in solution in his soul. I remember how he used to caution his young preacher-friends in the use of books.

The reason so many ignorant preachers are more interesting than many cultured preachers is that the ignorant man has not been mutilated and mastered, but comes, such as he is, fresh from the fields, with his own force backed up by his own personality, saying the thing he thinks. There is in him a freshness like the dewy fields, and strength like the rocks which apply their massiveness to constructing mountains, and a surprise like the finding of a new wild flower. When books master a preacher they are his foes; when the preacher masters books they are his good friends.

Knowing him as I have for all the years of my formative life, that passage in exhortation has had a very great influence upon my whole ministry. His reading was so multiple and so constant that in his expression of everything there was the persistent reflection of his mental association, but he was always the master.

The first thing he ever bought was a book; the last thing he bought was a book. In a previous chapter I have recorded his first purchase, a complete edition of Shakespeare's works. The last thing he bought, and it was even while death was at his very bed's edge, was the latest unabridged Dictionary. Books were a veritable part of him.

"There is no frigate like a book to take us lands away," is a famous old saying, so old and so good we just accept it as correctly said by whomsoever it might have been said, and never stop to credit its authorship. We all feel we would have given expression to the truth ourselves anyhow, had it not been already said. It is perhaps in the influence of that cruising indebtedness to books that this mental navigator conceived the design of the book plates he used.

His first book-plate—and one used for a

good many years—was a little hand-drawn sketch of an old sailing ship set toward sea skirting along a rugged shore. In the upper left-hand corner set in a circle was the word "Tentavi," and at the bottom the always familiar "ex libris." This little book-plate, which is in the most of his better volumes, was displaced in his later years by a new plate, which found its boat in the familiar little skiff he so often had paddled about, and which, run in at a quiet grass-grown nook, stood awaiting the next adventure, and over it again inscribed "Tentavi." He cruised away with his books across every sea.

His library grew with all his watching years, from that little first-prized Shakespeare to a collection which could not be estimated in valuation, for books as estimated by tax-collectors are cut to scant values because they are second-hand offerings, while to a real book-lover the very raggedness of their dress, frayed out by the many handlings they have had, but increases their value. Books can be estimated only by book-lovers, and they are prejudiced, so we would not agree to their estimate. Just because a book is a book it has a certain definite value to a genuine book-man. "If I were to light on *The Newcomes* anywhere in tatters

of paper, wrapped about some discarded crockery, would not my night trim its lamp till day the while I read the book, and would not the month be June though gusty January swaggered along the world as owning it?" So speaks this lover of books.

He always spent his money for books. He would spend his last cent for a good book. I have a letter which has made me laugh a good many times. He was lecturing one time over in Massachusetts, a good way from home at three cents a mile. The preacher in whose church he was to lecture that night had met him in his room at the hotel and paid him the lecture fee in the afternoon. After the lecture that night, in a halting, hesitating manner, the lecturer got the preacher aside where he could talk essentials more intimately, and asked him if he could loan him enough money to get home on. The preacher was quite surprised, for the fee was quite sufficient, and replied:

"Why, I paid you in full this afternoon."

"Yes, I know," said the lecturer. "I am only asking for a loan now. I saw this afternoon a very beautiful book downtown, and it took the fee and all the money I had beside to get it. But you should see my book." He got the loan.

He was a book-lover. He filled his house with books. I have often had him tell me how by some most fortunate turn he just came into possession of some very prized volume. He watched the published lists of book auctions with an eye that never overlooked a real treasure. It was with a real boyish delight he would arrange his bids for some coveted volumes there. Ofttimes he was surprised at success in picking up a genuine bargain that had been overlooked by others. He used to call himself the Lazarus who sat eagerly beside the book tables, to pick up crumbs that fell. Some crumbs he found there have proven to be treasures too. When genuine book-lovers die they dread to think their beloved volumes are to become treasures of museums. They hope they may come to the hands of genuine lovers of books again, that they may actually be books and not curios.

One of the most interesting incidents I know of in all the book story of this world is the incident of the closing days of one of America's greatest book-lovers and collectors, Mr. Beverly Chew. Even after his age had compelled him to dispose of his almost priceless collection, he began again collecting great books, for he could not live without them. He

had become an aged man when Mr. Henry E. Huntington secured two copies of the first edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets, the two different imprints of that first edition. Those books, aside from the Gutenberg Bible alone, are the most valuable books extant. The aged book-lover heard of the arrival of the books and longed to see them. He soon stood at the door of his friend with the simple affectionate request that he be privileged to hold those two books in his hands. The request, of course, was granted, and I fancy the great old lover was left alone for a while as he sat there with one book in each hand and a tear of genuine gratitude on his face. When death claimed him, and his friends looked at his will, they found he had explicitly provided that his books should not be consigned to the cold tomb of a museum and subjected to the stupid glance of the careless passer-by; but should be dispersed under the hammer of the auctioneer, so that the pleasure which the acquiring of them had given him should in turn be given someone of his own taste.

It was by watching for just such auctions, and because in his own soul dwelt the same fond desire for great and beautiful books, that was in the soul of Mr. Beverly Chew, that my

dear friend gathered across all the years of his life a truly great collection of books. He was fond of just carrying a real book around in his hands. He always had some particularly prized volumes lying on the tables, and he would touch them fondly as he passed.

The last time I was ever with him in his library, where his very spirit seemed best to show itself intimately, we were taking a walk among his friends, as he would say. The noble volumes of a most excellent Boydell Shakespeare lay on the center table. He had a happy custom—and in it he fairly delighted himself—of translating cash presents his wife would give him into books he greatly wanted. He would buy books, no matter how much he supplemented the gift, always to the credit of the giver. That Boydell Shakespeare had come into his possession by that happy route, and he was as pleased when he unpacked those volumes as ever was a child at the blazing beauty of any Christmas tree. He had unpacked them all alone and sat down to write his wife at once his great joy over her gift:

You should have been here this morning and seen your old husband unpack your Christmas present to him. That Boydell's Shakespeare, Aha, Aha! It is magnificent and no mistake. You did make me a

grand Christmas present if I do have to admit it. There has not been a nobler set in my library than this, and I am certain you will so conclude when you see it. I have decided that seeing you are you, and you are the donor of these noble volumes, I will let you sit across the library and look at them. They are a sight for a book-man's eyes and heart. It is not possible to exaggerate their wonder. Nine volumes, folio, the noblest size for a book in this world, bound in rich brown morocco, and such a lordly paper and type and all. You certainly are a good wife to treat me so, and I will remember you in my will. I am willing now.

The great beautiful folio volumes were lying on the table as we walked by that day. He was fond of any folio book, but of this he was even boisterously fond. He stopped beside the table and laid his hand on one of the books too heavy for him then to lift, and said in a phrase he used so often, "Isn't that a laddie?" Then, surveying the whole surrounding room of his treasures, he said, "If I had no other books I would have a great library in these." They were printed by W. Bulmer and Co., for John and Josiah Boydell and George and W. Nicol. The type was of W. Martin. From the day of the first purchase he ever made in his life, a little volume of Shakespeare, the treasure of a barefooted farmer boy who

eagerly exchanged his saved-up pennies for the book in whose pages he found so very much across the years, to the day of his passing, Shakespeare lured his affection in literature, as a violet lured his affection in nature.

I am recording these familiar things here for the sufficient reason that they have been constructive influences in my own life, and I would if I could, hand the fine influence of this always lifting life along to every young man and young woman, as it has been to me, helpful. William A. Quayle's love of books was the expression of one of his greatest forces. He knew books. His great knowledge of, and use of, and love of books has been contagious to me. From my earliest acquaintance with him I was lured into the appreciation of books. He gave the very scant library of my little home the day of our marriage a pair of beautiful volumes of Washington Irving, and those volumes will never go out of our possession while we can control our library.

It is not mine here to list the prized volumes he held. An unusually interesting account of many of them may be found in a chapter titled "On Reading Beautiful Books," in one of his volumes. Though since that chapter was written several of his very most prized possessions

came to him. In his chapter on "Once Again With Elia" he has a characteristic note of his possession of a very much prized volume of the prose work of Charles Lamb, that had been by the publishers given to Alfred Tennyson. It was the fragrant fact of the association of his very favorite poet with the actual pages of that volume that made that book so overmuch a book to him. "This volume shall not, while my eyes can tarry on a page, leave my library: and when I am passed to where the shadows melt into the light I hope my son may love it as his father does." So he speaks of that cherished book. His numerous possessions of what he termed "Association Volumes" made him constant associate with the famous ones whose very own books he came to own. Books from the library of Lord Macaulay, of Jean Bouchier, of Robert Southey, of J. H. Shorthouse, of Horace Walpole, of Robert Louis Stevenson, of Robert Browning, brought the atmosphere of the personalities of these great characters into his library. A book was always more than a book to him, and its borne fragrance, out of all the ways of its past, brought always to him that strange value only a book can gather. When he would get possession of some volume he had long desired, he

had an experience that can be known only by the reward of earnest pursuit. I have this interesting note he made when he came possessed of that prized volume *Pine's Horace.*

This *Pine's Horace,* first volume 1733, second volume 1737, is a book I have longed after all my bibliophile lifetime. I have bid for it a good many times when great libraries were being dispersed, but never succeeded in securing a copy, and, of course, not many copies have been on sale, this book is so rare. Now at this last I have secured this, in every way beautiful set from James Tregaskis, in London, and the binding by Birdsall, is in keeping in elegance with the elegance of the volumes. The day these books came into my hands is to be celebrated in my book calendar as a day of great hilarity. While all things do not come to those who wait, some books do, and on the securing of these beautiful volumes I say with the book illuminators and scribes of the olden times, "Laus Deo."

He had a copy of Chaucer with the press imprint of 1561. The British Museum has sent out a request for books printed in England before 1640. He was deaf. The British Museum was not the only center of attraction for such books, and he would carry that Chaucer around in his hands as a king would carry his jewels around. He had a copy of *Barnaby Rudge* bound in wood cut from the

oaken beams over the main gateway of old Newgate Prison. Those beams were charred by the fire that was lighted by the Gordon rioters in 1780 when the gate was burned through. The beams of the gate were bought and made into bindings for books. One volume he held with jealous pride, a copy of the Cistercian Psalter, 1616. It was with peculiar delight he wrote in it the very significant note, "No copy of this book is in the British Museum."

I must not say more here, for there awaits to be written a whole volume on his rich treasures. It will, however, I am sure, be of interest to many to know what story of all the multiplied stories in books made his favorite volume of romance. I am very sure there will be somewhat of surprise in the book I name not without knowing whereof I speak. His favorite volume of romance was *John Ingelsant.* It is not for me to defend or decry his choice. His own comment may be interesting: "I never could understand why Shorthouse never did write anything else that was worth reading." He possesses several rare volumes of *Ingelsant.*

I have before me, as I write this, a whole intensely interesting catalogue of precious

possessions that are commented on thus. I am inclined to believe his every comment should be published.

There has always been with him that inexplainable fondness of book-men for book-binders. There is a relish in the way they will speak of a book from Kelmscott Press, or Grolier Press, or Chiswick Press, or many another name that makes the blood of a book-lover run fast. He had one of his own most artistic smaller volumes, *The Song of Songs,* printed on vellum and beautifully done. It is beautifully illuminated and done as a printing job in a manner to delight the eye. He brought thus the printed pages to his wife, whom he for all their years together had called "Snug," and commissioned her to bind it by hand. She labored over it with responding interest and affection, and when at last she had finished the limited edition, of which there was only one issue, and of which this is Number One, it came forth clad in a fine silk velvet binding which made a genuinely prized volume amid all his prized treasures. He wrote at the end of the volume, "Bound at Snug Bindery." His very fondest affections were all bound up in his books.

CHAPTER XIII

BIBLES

The lark's on the wing!
The snail's on the thorn!
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!
—"Pippa Passes," *Robert Browning.*

I ALWAYS want to know what a real man likes. I have always believed the surest way into the real soul of any life is around by the affections. Those likes may sometimes be fastened to almost trivial things. All the more interesting. There is genuine relaxation in centered affections. We let down our guards, and fall into our most unaffected moods, when we can give ourselves to the doing of the things we really like. How I do wish we all could get more time to give our affections full play! These are such strenuous days, and so multitudinous are the demands upon us all, we are compelled to do so many things, that we scarce find a chance to do anything we would really choose. My friend Edgar A. Guest said to me the other day as we met in a railway station trying to get some-

The Bible Corner in Bishop Quayle's Library

where, "I really spend so much time trying to get from wherever I am to where I do not want to be, that I seem to have no time at all to be where I would like to be, or do what I would like to do." I said "Me, too," and we waved good-by as we went opposite directions.

I want to know what a life really likes to indulge itself in. When there comes a chance to sit down, what will it sit down with? It may often be some very little thing seemingly, but it will disclose whole skies of meaning. I sat watching a great lion in a cage. He was lying carelessly there, it seemed. His great paw stretched out toward the forbidding steel bars of his strong prison. A string hung dangling there. Just a string of thread that had become tangled on those steel bars, left there perhaps as a wrapping from some proffered food. The great monarch of the forest toyed with that string. That great paw, armed with its keen claws that could tear down the throats of fierce adversaries, was toying with a frail string blown by the wind. I was interested. I got much more real lion interest from that little incident of playful evidence than I did from his fierce tearing at the tough meat thrown him to eat, or from the dreadful growlings that escaped him when his meal was disturbed.

There is a genuine insight into a man's life in the ways of his affections. He shows his inmost soul. The affections of this many-expressioned man of whom I write here were many. He liked so many things he seemed at times to almost baffle you with his fondnesses.

He had an interesting habit of carrying about in his pocket little trinkets he prized. He had a dilapidated little old purse he carried with great care, in which were generally to be found some special things of immediate interest. He never cared to wear a jewel, but he thought a jewel was full of wonder, and he was fond of looking at jewels as samples of how well God could make a rock when He set out so to do. He would have in that ever-possessed little purse some prized cameo, and a rare old coin or two, and some more modern coins. He seemed determined always to keep the two kinds of coins together. The day he died he had in his treasure purse a ring with an antique signed intaglio, a ring with a scarab, and a silver dime, and a collar button and a pearl. That was a fair sample of his ever-changing purse contents. His collection of ancient coins was more than a mere collection. There was a reason in it. He had a coin from each of the seven cities wherein were the seven churches

named in the Bible. He treasured coins from each of the cities to which Paul had gone in his missionary journeys. He treasured a collection of rare stones as listed in the description of the New Jerusalem in the book of Revelation. I note this to mark the never-failing fact of the spiritual content of every expression of his life. Not only as the ever-present note of his literature, and the trail along which he was forever going in his way through the literature of others, but he built even his little affections and fondnesses around things that could be given a spiritual tone.

He was a collector of Bibles. The Bible presented to him not merely the Word of God, for which cause alone he reverenced it profoundly. It brought him, however, an exhaustless human expression, which came across the centuries laden with experiences and affectionate embodiment of all those fine hopes and dauntless determinations which have kept remarkable step with the Bible in the human story.

To dare to set out to make a collection of rare editions of the Bible requires either a fortune or dauntless courage. Among all the books of the world the Bible occupies the undisputed place of valuation. The Gutenberg

Bible, which, of course, carries the interest of the great art of printing, stands easily in the prime position. The increased quotation of its price seems to be the mere matter of another sale. Some several years before his death, this Bible-loving and eager-eyer of every Bible sales list, published in one of his chapters an expression of profound appreciation at the fact that some American had been able to afford to pay the then highest price ever paid for a book, and so had brought to America another copy of the great Gutenberg Bible. Since that purchase there have been brought to America two recently bought copies that make the price at which my dear friend exulted sound like a joke bid. The book is incapable of estimation in whatever might be described as a market value. It is four times as scarce as is the first folio of Shakespeare. There are but forty-five known copies of any kind, and more than half of them are seriously imperfect. There are but four copies in private hands, of which one is imperfect and two of the remaining three have already been promised to public libraries. When the last copy of this great book came to America it was accompanied with explicit instructions. Among many other interesting directions occurs this

tribute of appreciation: "Please suggest to your deputy that he should uncover his head while in the presence of this great book. Let no custom house official, or other man, in or out of authority, see it without first raising his hat. It is not possible for many men to touch or even look upon a page of the Gutenberg Bible." In looking over the well-known location of each of these precious volumes, I have not been surprised to note a marked absence of Methodist preachers. Not that I think Methodist preachers are short on appreciation of such things, but that I know there are other shortages. My dear friend could not possess a Gutenberg Bible. I have never known, nor do I know now of any living being who would have treasured one more, could he but have had one, and I admire the bold endeavor with which he followed his fondness, and gathered here and there across the earth, and down his increasingly enthusiastic years, one of the world's very best libraries of Bibles. To read his own catalogued annotations of those prized volumes, which lie before me as I write, is to raise the curtain into the very deepest affections a man can have aside from his love of God and his love of his home folk.

His natural love of books comes to its most

fragrant flower in his possession of wonderful Bibles. There are a number of beautiful books dating well back of the famous day of the invention of printing. He came possessed of a very fine manuscript Bible written in a very fine hand, with most artistic and interesting floriations and illuminations. It was written on abortive parchment in 1225 A. D. It is beautifully bound in French repousse silver, and as he lists it may indeed be as a book, as "Apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Another of his very fond treasures is an ancient scroll, The Torah. It is a synagogue roll and of most impressive size and workmanship. The cylinders are perfect and the roll is three feet wide and of almost a hundred feet in length, having been made from the skins of thirty-seven sheep. Thereon in beautifully drawn Hebrew characters are inscribed the first five books of the Bible. He always counted it among his most prized possessions.

The oldest printed Bible he had was a very fine copy of the Eggensteyn Bible. It came from the press in 1469, which is getting close upon Gutenberg, who, in 1450-1455, was launching at Mainz the "art preservative of the arts." There is also a volume of even more interest, almost contemporaneous in those

formative days, called the Biblia Sacra Latina, or, as he has listed it in his catalogue, Rodt et Richel Bible. He has typewritten there, 1470 A. D., and then written in pencil, with a ringed question mark after it, the figures 1460-65. This noble book is bound in heavy wooden boards and covered with calf skin. It is one of the very rarest of all Bibles. The existence of but five copies completes, so far as is known, the issue. The British Museum, the Bodleian Library, the library of the Duke of Sussex, one sold at auction in London a few years ago, and this one, comprise the list. There are no words to tell of the genuine fondness of this lover of Bibles for this great volume.

The Coberger Bible, 1475, which he obtained from the Monastery of Udal et Afroe, is another impressive book. There is a stroke of pride with which he records of this volume, "slightly wormed." Those lovely round punctures of book-worms seem to be about the most prized decorations that have come down the years. There is an unusual beauty in the typing of this volume. The art of printing has been said to be the only fine art that started in a way not to be improved. Of this book this fond owner has recorded: "I consider this Coberger Bible, all told, the noblest Bible I

have set eyes on, and much superior in beauty and sumptuousness in execution to the famous Gutenberg Bible."

It is impossible for me in a chapter here to even list the descriptive points of the crowding volumes that make up this fine collection of almost two hundred and fifty volumes, any one of which would be a possession prized in any library. Tyndale's New Testament (1526), Coverdale's Bible (1535), Matthew's Bible, The "Bugge" Bible (1537), Taverner's Bible (1539), The Great Bible, Cramnar's (1539), The Breeches Bible (1560), The Bishop's Bible (1568), King James' Bible (1611). The Wycliffe New Testament was translated 1380 A. D. It was manuscript and accessible only in reprint. The copy in this library is by Bagster, and a very fine copy.

The "Bugge" Bible (1549) should be noted because of its very rough interest. It is named as it is, an irreverent nickname, from the rendering of the well known fifth verse of the Ninety-first psalm, "Thou shalt not nede to be afrayed for any bugges by night." It carries very copious notes and has found a curious interest therefor. The note on the passage in the First Epistle of Peter, the third chapter reads thus: "He dwellyth wyth his wife ac-

cordinge to knowledge, that taketh her as a necessarye healper, and not as a bonde seruant or as a bonde slaue. And yf she be not obedient and healpfull unto hym, endeuoureth to beate the feare of God into her heade, that thereby she may be compelled to learn her duty and do it." It is good for those of us who have been raised on the many various revisions of the revised versions, to see how well the revisers have done.

The Great "He" Bible was another of his very fondest possessions. The Bible is such a remarkable book that mistakes in it make it valuable. Other book-makers suffer chagrin at mistakes. The Bible finds excess value thereby. The "He" Bible has numerous mistakes in it. It is perhaps the first edition of the King James Version, though some bibliographies assign that honor to the "She" Bible.

In the printing of the "He" Bible three lines in Exodus 14-10 are repeated. That is a mistake of distinguishing value. The word "Emorite" is used for "Amorite," and the word "hoopes" for "hookes." So it is possessed of mistakes numerous enough to make it valuable. The mistake which gives it its accepted name is found in the book of Ruth, the third chapter and third verse. "He went into the

city"—not even yet considered an exactly proper manner of describing the journeyings of Ruth. It was a glad day for that Bible-lover of Dream Haven when he came into unexpected possession of that volume. He wrote about it at once in registered gratitude:

> This volume has been sought for by me, and all but prayed for by me, during all the years I have been a Bible collector. Not five "He" Bibles have I seen on sale in my lifetime, so that to have become the happy and prosperous possessor of one of these is a delight beyond measure. Not only am I glad to have it in this collection of mine, but am glad to have it in America, in my America which is fast becoming the great book possessor of the world.

You cannot turn the pages of his mere catalogue of these prized possessions and fail to sense on every page the real imprint of his fondness for God's word as saturate down the human story with its heart-near association.

Amid a crowding collection of books bearing value in their own identity, it is not without even magnified interest to find some volumes which find place because of associational value. The book we cherish because it was cherished by someone whose possession clings round it even more endearingly than binding or version. Even the Bible has been enhanced

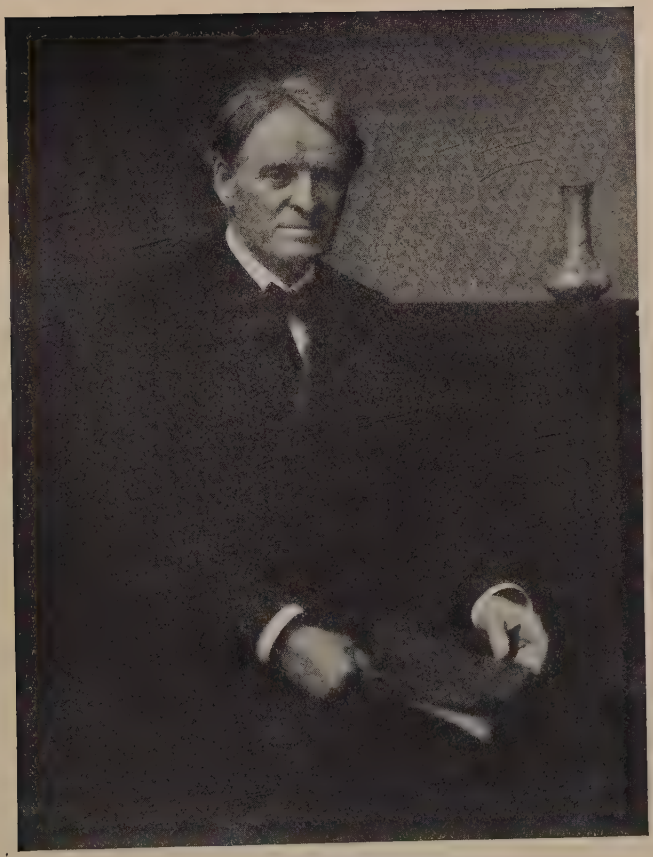
in its genuine value by association. How well do I remember the first time he ever told me of some of these doubly prized books. He said one day as he handed me with noticeable gentleness a fine copy of *The Evangelia Gothica,* "Take this carefully; it used to belong to Robert Southey." On the title page was written "Robert Southey, 5—August, 1823." What library would not be enriched by such a book?

I had scarce gotten in my appreciation the added interest of the already very fine volume I held, when he, confident of the advancing interest he was to introduce me to, said, "Now be as you never have been careful with this," and he handed me two flaming red books, and said, "Look into them." In the first volume was written, "From the library of Robert Louis Stevenson at Vailima." He recorded his appreciation of it in these fine words: "This book is from the library of a man who exemplified the Bible spirit and lived through great frailties of body with great unfrailties of spirit, and in the sunniness of the gospel is valued chiefly for its association with that brave and sweet Christian gentleman, Robert Louis Stevenson."

Not content to leave me where I was sure I

was content in the holding interest of a volume dripping with life heroism, he insisted on increasing my experience by handing me a volume of beautiful brown levant binding, printed in London in 1656, and with a Latin text. Opened to the title page I saw in that neat, copper-plate hand, so familiar and characteristic of the wonderful one-time possessor of the book, "Robert Browning." "That volume has a lyric note quite beyond expression," said he, "and that I, dweller in the Western hemisphere, should have secured this volume from an English book-shelf, as against the world of buyers, is to me a wonder, coupled with a deep delight—a delight deeper than the wonder."

There is no way to estimate values such as these, and we are left among them only to discover a tracery of the soul who in possessing them found great satisfaction. The old Manx Bible which was from the family of the Gayles, and brought to him the fragrance of his mother on every leaf, was of course an honored book. Its very appreciative place among his treasures is an open window into his real heart. The Cottage Bible was another treasure because it was the Bible of his father and mother. "When my father and mother were extremely poor and practically with no property at all,



THE SEER

it is beautiful to consider that they bought this Bible for their housekeeping. It contains the family record of Thomas and Elizabeth Quayle, their birth, their marriage, the birth of their children, and the death entry of my mother, and her little son, my brother, which leaves me the only child of the family. This book has all the poetry that gathers around a holy book, consecrated by a father and mother long since in heaven." So recordeth this possessor of genuinely great books, of books which life has immeasurably improved.

CHAPTER XIV

NATURE

Lo the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast,
The sun ariseth in his majesty:
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnished gold.
—*William Shakespeare.*

NATURE was this man's first teacher. I am not sure, but I incline to the belief he never had a better. He never quit nature's school. His post-graduate days were still spent in the familiar things he first learned, and never ceased to love. Not one of even the simplest things of nature was without genuine interest to him. He was oft in strange delight over what we more unobservant folks call homely commonplace.

I have been thinking it is not without compensation to be born where nature seems not overdone. I have so often heard folks say, who have come from country where hills abound, and where rivers leap over rocks in hurrying way of their going, that the prairie

was a dull monotonous bit of scenery. Nature seems to lie down flat there. The scarce streams are so lazy we can hardly call them streams. There is nothing along the pushed back horizons but just sky coming down on an even circle. The prairie is wearisome to the hill-bred man.

There is a stranger thing than that, however, in the fact that the prairie has strange fascination to those who have lived with it. It never feels cramped. You are not suffocated on prairies. The winds can run unrestrained there. The walls are all down. You never feel to want to tip-toe about. You can see out. Instead of feeling as though you want to climb mountains that go wading heavenward above the clouds in their tired toiling effort to get up, you have the feeling that heaven bends down and comes close of its own accord on the prairie. Anyhow, you are no closer heaven when you climb up some little hill than you are when heaven bends down kindly to you.

The prairie came early in impress upon his life and its influence never left him. In fact, he used to ascribe to it the molding influence of his whole type of speech. In answer to a query sent him once, seeking to find out the secret forces that had made him so, he wrote:

I regard it now, from the hilltop of my years, in this vast engagement of challenging the consideration of humanity by my voice, that being a country lad and made to go barefoot in the dew after the horses for their day's work was as notable a school of oratory as can be thought out. There was plenty of room for "hollerin'." A lad in Chicago who attended my church, when asked by me how he liked Chicago replied, "There ain't no place to holler." He was not strictly elegant, but he was graphic and accurate. In the city "there ain't no place to holler," and eloquence is high-grade hollerin.'

A lonesome, motherless lad, with an inquisitive mind and a naturally friendly soul, he went neighboring with nature. He was lured by the clouds. He was challenged by the winds. He was thrilled by the thunder. He was fascinated by the stars. He was flavored by the flowers. He was refreshed by the rain. He was freckled by the sun. He grew up acquainted by close contact with nature. He was possessed, as if by instinct, with a sense of nature which he held not as rigid and term-bound in the arid manner of the scientist. It was said by someone about George Meredith, who has brought us so many beautiful things right out of the dripping heart of nature, that "his intimacy with nature was intuition rather than erudition. He did not learn the secrets

of nature from without, but seemed to come from the heart of nature bearing those secrets with him." However true that fine description may be of George Meredith, I am not qualified to testify. I am, however, prepared to say that it could not have been better chosen had it been written as an explanation of the nature insight of William Alfred Quayle.

It was not nature as a mere spectacle that had fascination for him. It was nature as the handiwork of God that made for him an endless delight. He was forever looking for God in a God-made world. He saw what he was looking for, too. He was forever listening for God, in his vibrant creation. He heard what he was listening for too. He was a God-conscious man. To be with him even in the most commonplace place you have ever been around was to have a passport into the outer bounds of the universe and to feel the assurance of a competent guide.

With him it was not merely a natural world you realized, for the very elements that have been woven into history were constantly and skillfully unfolded to you as you careered and enjoyed the conversations over events that had made a world, as though they were matters of the latest reports from the field.

God in the world was his constant appreciation. Not merely in some selected section or season, but everywhere and everywhen he found God. He simply reveled in God. This was the secret of his unfaltering gladness. A gladness that experience, though bitter and suffering, could not stifle. You cannot obscure the real confidence of God's presence. There were many times in his life when tears were on his cheeks, but they had to stand there in the glistening sunshine of his faith.

There was always an irresistible and natural freshness in the running observations he made which compelled you to feel the information had just arrived up to the very point where you then stood, to the very flower that blew its fragrance into your face, or to the weed you had carelessly trampled upon, or the bird you had startled from the grass to flutter its frightened way into the hedge-row.

His unwasting store of knowledge was never worn boldly as a display. I do not believe any well-informed man ever wore his information with more modest grace, or ever allowed others to participate in it with less vanity. You simply could not escape the influence of his vast mental equipment, and yet you were never in any manner made to feel

that it was on exhibition, for you were constantly lured away from the fact that he was speaking in knowledge, and were made to feel the conversation in which you were actually participating was all about matters you had long known yourself. That, after all, is the test of genuine scholarship. You are not to seek, by real learning, to en-pedestal yourself upon some high and separating eminence to make others feel the pang of their own ignorance. The really knowing man is he who can find his place comfortably beside others and make them feel also that they too know.

His earliest experience with nature being amid its most modest forms, he was well prepared to make fond note of it in its ever ascending wonder. The boy who learns to love flowers by finding his samples in the simpler wild flowers that grow along prairie lanes, will not fail to appreciate an orchid when once he sees one. Foundationed on modest simplicity our admiration of all the complex variety of loveliness is secure. The boy who is raised on the edge of the brink of great pouring Niagara, is liable to fail utterly to discern any beauty in poor little Rock Creek where I played as a lad.

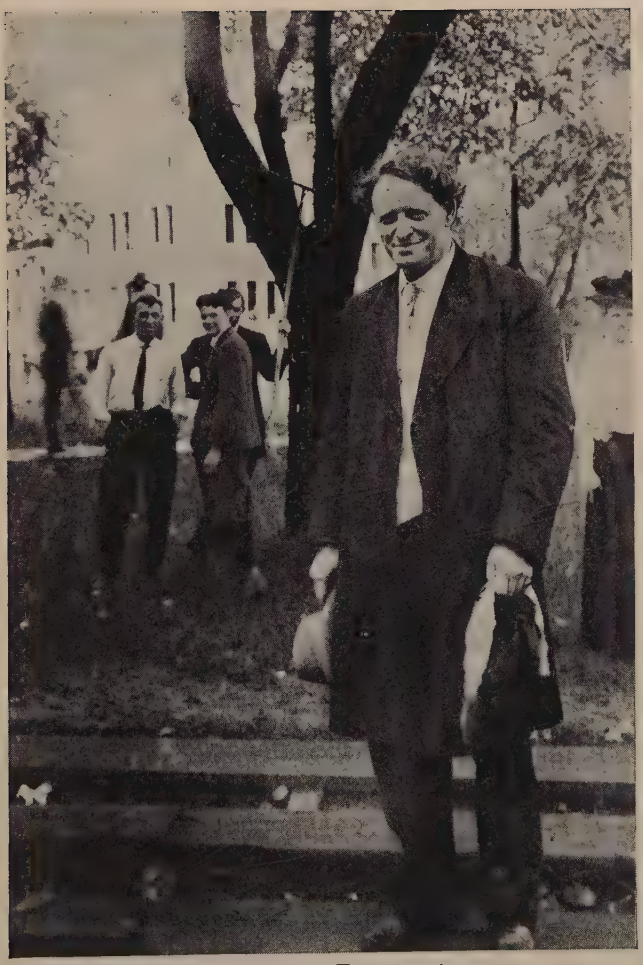
William Alfred Quayle entered the vast

world of nature through the kindergarten of simplicity. He came seeing the beautiful. He came hearing the music of it all. He came accepting it all and loving it all. He loved the prairie, he loved the sea. He loved a flower, he loved a weed. He loved a bird, he loved a bee. He loved a storm, he loved a calm. The noon thrilled him, he reveled in the midnight. He saw the beauty of a mountain, he did not miss the wonder of a mud-hole. Sunshine and rain alike made music in his soul. He seemed to keep perfect step to that bewitchingly beautiful strain of Emerson's about going everywhere and always hearing sky-born music; not only wafted from stars, or even from budding flowers; not alone in mellow tones of tuneful birds, or reflected from rainbows after showers—

> "But in the mud and scum of things,
> There always, always something sings."

He saw God everywhere.

Across all my years there comes, and with a tirelessness that I know can never fail me, across all my years yet to come, a joy out of homely commonplace he kindled in my soul many years ago. We were walking across a prairie way, and were coming around the end



Bishop Quayle at the Fiftieth Anniversary of Baker University, 1909

of a little wind-swept sun-flushed hill, where grew a group of mullein stalks. Now, mullein is not a plant for an ordinary layman to go into any raptures over. It has always impressed me as funny. I laugh at mullein. It makes me think of a butler. I know the uniform is a bit too lavish, but it stands so stiff and straight. I am always inclined to salute and say "Hello George," whenever I meet up with a rigid stalk of mullein. That day we were shoving our way through a regular assembly of mullein stalks, and I was snapping at the great green leaves with my fingers in unconscious carelessness. Suddenly he stopped me and said, "Do you know anything about mullein?"

I assured him I did. His suspicion of my ignorance prompted him to press his inquiry for the credentials of my claim, and he inquired what I knew about it. I answered in the arid manner of those who know they know, "My father used to say, Go to grass and eat mullein." He asked what that meant, and I explained triumphantly it meant mullein was tough. Then he took hold of one of those old despised stalks and began to disclose to me the rare beauty with which it was built. He caressed its fair loveliness till I was ashamed

I had never even stopped to look at it before. He spread out on his hand one of those great velvet leaves and made me marvel at its soft richness. He turned it over to disclose the wonder of its venous structure. Then tenderly lifting that beautiful seed-spike, which is the most beautiful seed-spike on any of our wild plants, with every little seed wrapped carefully and skillfully in its protecting blanket against winter and toward the coming spring, he held it up to its full height to give me what it meant to him. Pointing to the poor soil from which it sprang, and noting the struggling blue grass that could not grow better than four inches high with such a soil, he marked the six and one half feet of the fine mullein stalk to say, "Don't you think that is doing pretty well considering the chance it has had in the world?"

I confess that from that day till now I always feel like taking off my hat to mullein.

One day I was privileged the unexpected joy of a walk in the woods with him. I had been lecturing at some Chautauqua in the East and was bound for an engagement in the northern part of Michigan. I arrived at the city of Grand Rapids on an early morning train, and appearing at the door of the depot restau-

rant for my breakfast, I was surprised and joyed to find him there too. He had been speaking in Chicago the night before and was bound also northward to his fond place beside "Lake Beautiful." I knew we would have an entire day together and little did I care how long it was anywhere between trains. He was such a fascinating conversationalist that no moment was ever dull when he was around. The good conversationalist is the most attractive person in the world. I have just been reading the lives of Samuel Johnson and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. They were the prime conversationalists of all we have ever produced. Was it not Charles Lamb who told how he was captured once down beside the Temple Bar in London by Coleridge, who, catching hold of one of Lamb's coat buttons, began to talk. The captive declared he was sure he was in for all day, unless the button broke off, so he slyly brought out his pocket knife and snipped off the button and backed away, leaving the great conversationalist to proceed unhindered. After some time he returned to find the captor, still holding the button spellbound before the stream of uninterrupted talk. The conversation of William A. Quayle was such that if once he laid hold on one of your buttons

you would stand closer for fear it might break off.

We soon found ourselves in a town where there was no town, to wait for a train that seldom came. It was ideal for what we had in hand then. We threw our grips into an old box and walked away. I said, "Where shall we go?" He answered with the expertness of knowing what guide to have in the woods, "We will follow this little stream." A woods-stream is the ideal way for a walk. It seems to go so carelessly along with no particular place to go, and only occupied with its going along.

In one of the earliest chapters he ever gave us he opened a multitude of eyes to the near beauties about us all, under the title, "A Walk Along a Railroad in June." Had we but been privileged to have the chapter he dictated the day we walked there, we would have a chapter as far ahead of that famous former chapter as a woods-stream is ahead of a railroad for thinking purposes. Someone has said—

"The poem hangs on the berry bush when comes the poet's eye,
And the world is one long masquerade when Shakespeare marches by."

But we did not need to wait for a berry bush

that day. A weed started this lover of the world. Simple grass flowers set flame to his soul. The sob of the wind in the pines, the purling of the brook amid its sands, the floating clouds, the flutter of a bird in the bush; the whole of nature was one grand harp across whose every string he struck music. I suppose we walked three miles of lovely way, when with an abrupt change of direction the little stream seemed to have built out a point of land carpeted with lovely grass, making an irresistible invitation for us to be seated. We were easily persuaded and sat there like two boys with our feet dangling over the edge of the bank watching the bewitching loveliness of the place and listening to the impressive silence.

The water was quiet there, and over some black woods muck made a perfect ebony mirror. It was strangely beautiful. Suddenly pointing down through the mirror to the mud that made it, he said, "Isn't that beautiful mud?"

I answered with a tone of genuine skepticism, "It is handsome."

He was insistent, and repeated for conviction, "Isn't that beautiful mud?"

I answered again as before, only with emphasized skepticism in my tone, "It is charming."

He sat for a moment in silence and then said, "Let's put our feet in it."

I assured him that my feet were in very satisfactory condition, and suggested that there being no restrictions upon the episcopacy in such matters, he might put his feet on. Off came his shoes and into that mud went his feet. I rolled on the grass and laughed my feelings out. He was solemnly content. He bent over and picking up a hand full of that dripping black muck, held it out toward me to say again, "Isn't that beautiful mud?"

I reassured him of my skeptical agreement. He then pointed to what he held and insisted upon my watchful attention. "Don't you see the form of that leaf there?"

I agreed.

"Do you not know," said he, "that that leaf is giving its life to make that mud black and fruitful, and that up to its own ability that is one hundred per cent sacrifice? See that stem of a twig. Do you not know that upon its sacrifice the fruitfulness of this mud is built? Do you not know, sir," said he, as his appreciation arose to admiration, "do you not know that the large portion of this mud is made of the punk of trees long dead yonder in the forest, and that on their sacrifice this fruitfulness

is built? Do you not know that the base of this is made from sand, which is the product of the patient grindings of the rocks up yonder across long, long centuries?"

Then stooping over he plucked a beautiful little water flower that grew there, and holding it up said: "You pretty thing, oh, you pretty thing! I do not blame you for lifting your fair face here to smile into the skies above you. Having struck your roots in such sacrifice as this, you could do nothing less."

And I said, in condescending tone and in thankfulness for what my skepticism had gotten me there, "Beautiful mud."

I saw somewhere in my reading a suggested list of books that might be most advantageously chosen as helpful to a man cast away upon a desert island alone, as was Robinson Crusoe. The disagreement of the lists, various ones suggested, led to the discussion of who would be the most valuable companion to one who was thus cast away. However the decision may have been as finally rendered I do not know. I do know, however, that William A. Quayle would have held high carnival with any island anywhere, with the sky of God overhead and an ocean splashing along its shores. To him as to Beethoven every tree seemed to

cry "Holy! Holy!" and not a blade of grass, nor the commonest thing about him failed to join in the chorus of praise. With an open-eyed expectancy he went everywhere discovering evidence that God was about.

"Some people do not well know that God is out of doors," says he; "I marvel at them. He made the out of doors and loves it, and haunts it as Jesus did the mountains and the sea."

He seemed to be fascinated both by majesty and commonplace. I sometimes wonder which had the stronger appeal. If I remember aright it was an estimate Lowell made of Wordsworth, that in him were closely associated the very highest powers of a poetic mind and a very marked tendency to the diffuse and commonplace. I am sure of this sentence as from that estimate, for it has ever clung interpretive to me of my brilliant friend, "He set tasks to his divine faculty, which is much the same as trying to make Jove's eagle do the service of a clucking hen."

When I went walking about God's out of doors with this citizen of it all, I was never surprised when he hailed a star, or poured out his soul over a humble jack-in-the-pulpit. I put that there for a contrast, because, knowing the

humble plant as I always have, I was surprised to real impression when I saw a full-paged picture of one, granted place in one of his most lovely books and familiarly greeted as "Chaplain of my farm." He careered with the clouds but he fondled the bluegrass. He at times, like Wordsworth again, "put the trumpet to his lips, yet laid it aside soon for his pastoral reed." His nature-love was always haunted with religious meaning. He was a God-seer. The blue sky touched him to sadness, like reading a letter from one much loved and long dead; and the shadows in quiet water affected him like a prayer. His wish was to people other hearts with love of flower and woodland path, and drifting cloud, and dimming light, and moonlit distance, and star-light, and voices of bird and wind, and cadence of the rainfall, and the storm, and to make men and women more the lovers of this bewildering world, fashioned in loveliness by the artist hand of God. And beyond all this he "would be glad to bring them into fellowship and love with God, which is the poesy and eloquence of life." Thus in the prelude to his first nature book, he disclosed the unfailing character of every joy he found in God's great out-of-doors.

I am lonesome for him. I find him in my

most refreshing remembrance when I do, as I do do, because he so frequently adjured me to, and I so loved to do with him, "sit and dream, sometimes of yesterday, sometimes of to-morrow, sometimes of that far glad to-morrow, where burdens never tire us, nor any tears wear ruts on the face, nor dim the eyes from seeing, but where beloved meet the beloved, and holy laughter fills the heart forever."

In Reflective Mood

CHAPTER XV

TRIUMPH

In the golden lightning
  Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
  Thou dost float and run,
  Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
  Melts around thy flight:
Like a star of heaven,
  In the broad daylight,
  Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

—"Ode to a Skylark," *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

I HEAR his music still. I gaze into the heavens whence he has gone, and when my vision fades there yet comes to my ears the note I recognize.

The first skylark I ever saw thrilled my soul, even tuned in expectancy by all the lovely things I had read about him. I watched and listened, and listened when my watching had been denied by the enshrouding blue up into which he flew. No poet has ever been able to word my feelings. I have read every descrip-

tion I could find. I have tried to be poetic (which I am not), to see if I could not get the feeling I have in my heart tangled into some words that would express my soul. Shelley has almost hung his fame on that one great ode of his to a skylark, but I lay it down again, and again, and again, in the feeling that he has left something out. Wordsworth has tuned a noble song to this theme. Shakespeare set the lark winging through his verses often. Wray Hunt, and Eric Mackay, and James Thomson, and James Hogg, and Robert W. Service, and many another poet find in this strange time-flushed, heaven-aspiring bird the compulsion for their very most lifting poetry.

I have known the Skylark of Methodism. His music has always set my soul athrill. His lowly start, his upward aim, his tireless flights, his "fusillade of melody." "Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight."

As I close this little book there is a sense of triumph which was driven deep into my soul as my dear friend passed out of sight in this world, very much akin to the inexpressible feeling I had when I saw that skylark lose himself in the sky into which he flew.

Of all the many splendid things Plato has left us, perhaps the most impressive is that

haunting fancy he wove into the picture of that child-man who was nurtured and brought to his maturity in a dark cave, and then suddenly exposed to the light of full day. He was, of course, overwhelmed with the undreamed of beauties of the universe. Things that to all of us who have grown up with them have lost their marvel to him were a rapture. All that seems a logical setting into which Plato could place his strange creation. William A. Quayle was, however, that exceptional type of life never dulled in interest here by frequent and repeated contacts. Such experience the rather but whetted his wonder on an inquiring intelligence that gave an ever-enlarging meaning to everything about him. I would felicitate heaven on the arrival there of this great wonderer. I hope some infinitely privileged day to "walk all over God's heaven" with him. He could see so much of marvel in a lone gaunt poplar tree, standing straight as a stiff sentinel beside a country lane in a prairie State, I am wondering what he can see walking beside the stream of life, with trees on either side.

My estimate of him is drawn under the influence of an affection which runs across almost all my years, and fully across my ministry.

Somewhere in my reading I was interested in what an author called his estimate of a man who had become great in one line, but he might also have been likewise rated in another line, hence the man who was doing the measuring dared call him a "double first." Men have not infrequently won real distinction in more than one field of activity, though a divided endeavor is fatal to most of us, even in the scant results we do achieve in the little lives we live. Lord Macaulay, in an autobiographical estimate, once wrote this discriminating judgment: "That a man before whom the two paths of literature and politics lie open, and who may hope for eminence in either, should choose politics and quit literature, seems to me to be madness." This Skylark of Methodism did not have to choose between two, for he decided for both. He could both sing and soar. In fact, I fear not here to rank him among us even a triple-first. Scholar, pastor, man, preacher, shepherd, Christian.

I insist in putting my final word about him here, triumph. I am little concerned with that little, defeated word of mortality, death, which has been given all too important a place in our reckonings, a word which always seems to me to be but a back-stroke of defeated temporality

in its contest with immortality. I take my stand amid all that death can mean and speak of life. I feel triumphant in the passing upward of my dear friend William A. Quayle.

He is gone. There is strange change in the sky-line of my earthly way. But all this is thinking and making estimate here, not there. Those noble lines he loved so much in *Pilgrim's Progress* when Christian passed over, have become now strangely meaningful, "I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy." There was bell-ringing, his own bell was ringing here, and I thought I caught the clear sound of the bells on both sides ringing that day.

The day we carried his deserted body out to its place of rest was a day of rain. When I awakened that morning to the sound of the dripping eaves at my opened window, I pressed my face into my pillow and cried out, "Oh, can we not have a lovely day to bury this beloved body?" Then my remembrance of the very fondest days I had ever had with him came back across the years, and I was inclined to believe that had he selected the day, he had chosen one with rain in it. It rained.

"Dream Haven" was dripping under the fragrant shower that fell upon all its tangled

loveliness. He had told us to ring his bell. There was to be no tolling of the bell, but the triumphant ringing was to peal out his message there.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark."

There was triumph there. The strokes of that great bell, swung by the dear friend who lived nearest to them, made mellow music to all our souls that day, and will echo on forever. We were carrying out the body of one who, forty-three years before, had come timidly but with grateful heart, into that little Kansas town, a poor, unknown, motherless, nameless lad; but now wearing a name known round the world, having made the very kingdom of God on earth richer for his having lived here.

I will not say farewell. I did not say so then. It is not in my heart to say farewell, nor to think of darkness, nor to sit in sorrow, nor reckon with death. I, the rather, rise to hail him. I greet him through and across, and beyond and above everything death can mean. When with its sable robe it comes to shroud my mortal eyes, and bids me stand in the dark-

ness because these none too good mortal eyes cannot see, I refuse the darkness of it all; and lifting the eyes of my faith above and beyond it all, I hail him; I greet him there. When death comes upon these mortal ears and muffles them into that strange silence amid which we stand at the tomb, and bids me there to stand hushed; I lift the ears of my faith above and beyond it all, and hail the footfalls of his triumph there. All hail! All hail! my dear, dear friend. I greet you in immortality; Methodism's Skylark! God's Immortal Pilgrim! William Alfred Quayle.

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